THE

Generous Choice.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

New Theatre

IN

Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

BY

His MAJESTY's SERVANTS.

Written by Mr. *MANNING.*

Lectori credere mallem. Hor.

LONDON,

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TO

Chriſtopher Codrington, *Eſq*;

SIR,

I Muſt own the firſt and chiefeſt Advantage I propos'd to my ſelf in this Play, was, To gain the only Opportunity, perhaps I ſhall ever have, of acknowledging to the World how very much I am bound to be Yours, not only out of Gratitude but Inclination.

From hence it might be expected, according to the Courſe of Dedications, that I ſhould forget both You and my ſelf in tiring you with your own Praiſes. No, Sir, I conſider to whom I write; nor need you bluſh at what I am going to ſay, tho' I know you are more afraid of your Friends on ſuch an Occaſion as this, than your Enemies on any other.

Were it poſſible for me to think of but attempting your Character, I ſhould eſteem my ſelf very Happy, if I could reach ſo far as the Out-lines of the Original. To proceed any further, were to draw upon my ſelf a harder Task than ever any Painter yet had. 'Twere todwell upon Lights altogether without ev'n the Mixture of a Shade.

—But if I had Strength to ſupport the Undertaking, I ſhould beg leave to mention your Affability of Temper, your Perfection in Learning, a Delicacy in your Thoughts, a noble Vivacity in your Expreſſions, a matchleſs Fire in your Fancy, and a great Exactneſs of Judgment: To change the Scene, your Perſonal Bravery in the Camp, your Gallantry at Court, your Zeal to ſerve your Friends, your Humanity to all the World, and your eaſie Diſpatch in Buſineſs.

Thus conſummate in Merit, no wonder your Great Maſter's Favor ſhould ſhine upon you with ſuch Diſtinction as to ſend ſo Gallant a Son to ſucceed ſo Renown'd a Father in his Commands and Governments Abroad.

Permit me, Sir, on this occaſion to wiſh you a Proſperous Voyage, and all the Happineſs that ever Man enjoy'd

I cannot end better than with ſuch a Wiſh; nor can it be ſent to you with greater Fervency by any one, than

SIR,

Your much Oblig'd,

Humble Servant,

F. M.

PROLOGUE.

AS Orange-Plants that by the Gard'ner's Care
T'rive by degrees, and ſpread abroad in Air,
Expand their Branches, and extend their Roots,
As thro' their Veins prolifick moiſture ſhoots:
Now growing fertile gratefully produce
Blooms and Fruit for their Preſerver's Uſe.
So the young Writer of the following Scenes,
To his good Friends, on whoſe Support he leans,
Preſents this very Bloſſom of a Play,
Which if you'l have the Patience but to ſtay,
May riven into generous Fruit one Day.
His humble Muſe a tender Plant is found,
Which the firſt Year with Buds alone is crown'd.
But if mild Seaſons nurſe its ſpreading Root,
Succeeding years may bring forth grateful Fruit.
Would to kind Heav'n That Harveſt were in view,
For at our Lung's Expence We daily ſhew,
There ne'er was ſuch a Dearth of Wit as now.

Yet were it ſo that Plenty at this time
With her full Horn inrich'd our peaceful Clime,
Now to produce our Stores would be a Crime.
For our Wiſe Stage-Reclaimers would reſent
Th' Offence and bid us mortify in Lent.
Thus might we hope there's Colour to excuſe
This Author's firſt Attempt, and dawning Muſe.
Sooth then his Pain and make his Sentence eaſy,
Methinks in Lent ſome Charity ſhould ſeize you;
If you Judge nicely, he deſpairs to Pleaſe you.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs *Porter*.

OUR Author thinks Himſelf Arraign'd to Day,
You are his Jury, and his Crime the Play.
Me He retains a Counſel in his Caſe,
What Fee He gave me I leave You to gueſs.
I come to plead before you vent your Spight,
And by your Verdict Fine Him the Third Night.

Firſt then as Criminals are wont, He chuſes
Out of his Jury ſuch, and ſuch refuſes.
The Critick He excepts, nor is it fit,
One ſhould be thought for t'other's Faults, a Wit.
Thoſe Ladies next, that ſhrow'd in Masks their Graces,
And dare ſhew any thing, except their Faces.
This Plot He to their Judgments won't Submit,
For They're contriving how Their own may hit,
The Singe han't half ſo many as the Pit.
And leaſt their Favours ſhould at laſt intrap him,
He'd rather have the Vizzards Hiſs, than Clap Him.
For want of Mercy Wits are baniſh'd hence,
And moſt of Thoſe who Write, for want of Senſe.
To cloſe the Rear, He challenges by Crowds
Bruſh'd Beavers, Nat'ral Bobs, and Velvet Hoods,
*And all behind the Scenes, and all above the * Clouds.*

To the Few left He lays This Maxim down,
That each ſhould make the Poet's Caſe his own.
Whoe're Themſelves of Ruine are afraid,
All Thoſe ſhould Him their Fellow-ſuff'rer Aid:
Souldiers Disbanded ſhould their Pity ſhew,
And India-Merchants, *either Old or New.*

---

* Alluding to the Upper Gallery above the Ceiling.

You

You City-Dames, that from your Husbands fly
With borrow'd Looks to Please the Play'rs Eye,
And grace with Patch and Paint the Gallery.
When blush on blush, and Charms Inch thick you lay,
If He your Arts should Damn as you his Play,
Would it not grieve you? Yet the same the Case is,
How many here are Authors of their Faces!

To the sweet Beaux We make our next Complaint,
Both you that Ugly are, and you that Paint.
How, Sirs, shall we for what He feels prepare you?
Let's see----- What is't would next to Fighting scare you?
Suppose you should in some Lampoon appear,
Psha, What is that? You've been too often there.
Were you confin'd by Surgeon or by Jayler,
Or, what is worse, Deserted by your Taylor?
No: 'Tis the greatest Penance we can find,
To leave you Comb'd and Powder'd to the Wind,
As you fear This, be to the Poet kind.

We hope at last we may good Luck divine
From those Bright Stars that in the Boxes Shine.
Such Beauteous Eyes should smiling Favours grant,
Nor Pity be the only Charm they Want.
You w'er should Blame, to whom all Praise is Due,
Think but of Him as all Mankind of You.
Come, you must all, 'tis his first Fault, forgive Him;
Or if not that, for poor Three Days Reprieve Him.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Don Sebaſtian,	A Gentleman of *Valencia*.
Don Philip,	His Friend, newly come to *Valencia*.
Don Frederick, *Don Bernardo*,	Juſt arriv'd at *Valencia* from their Travels.
1 *Anthony*,	Don *Philip*'s Man.
2 *Anthony*,	Don *Frederick*'s Man.

WOMEN.

Donna Cornelia,	Siſter to Don *Bernardo*, contracted to Don *Philip*, juſt come to *Valencia* in Diſguiſe in purſuit of him.
Donna Olivia,	Siſter to Don *Frederick*, enjoy'd by Don *Philip*, newly arriv'd at *Valencia* too in Diſguiſe in Search of *Philip*.
Eleonora,	A Woman of Intrigue.
Dorila,	Her Maid.

Conſtable, Watchmen, Footmen, Ruffians, &c.

SCENE, *The City of* **Valencia** *in* **Spain.**

THE

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Don Bernardo, *and Don* Frederick.

Fred. WEll, *Bernardo*, thou wilt never leave thy old courſes, I ſee, till Age or Diſtempers have made thee Impotent. The good old Count at home might, indeed, expect more Sobriety from the Tour thou haſt made abroad. But alas! poor Gentleman, he'l be as much deceiv'd in thy Manners, as thou art in following the wickedneſs of the Fleſh.

Ber. Prithee, *Frederick*, no more of this Gravity. I am not ſo keen a ſportſman as you make me. Indeed, if a very handſom Woman bolts out upon me unawares, I may, perhaps, courſe her now and then for a breathing: But I don't love beating the buſhes for game.

Fred. Well, I ſee, thou art incorrigible, therefore I have done. Methinks, *Bernardo*, the Air grows cool: Sure the night muſt be far advanc'd.

Ber. No matter; ee'n let us ramble for once, we ſhall find ſome Adventure or other that is diverting I warrant thee.

Fred. What, you are again at your old Trade: No, no, I'll home, I aſſure you. I have no mind to be miſtaken for another in the dark, and ſo have my Throat cut, or, if I eſcape that way, to be ſeiz'd upon by the Watch for a Night-walker, that has ſome ill deſign on foot.

Ber. You'll excuſe me then, for not going with you, ſince I have ſome Commands to obey to night, of one that expects a readier Compliance than any Grandee of *Spain*: 'Tis one Don *Cupid*, Seignor, if you have heard of him.

Fred. Don *Lucifer*, you mean.

Ber. Call him what you will. But, *Frederick*, to be plain with you, the buſineſs is this; you muſt know, Sir, I have had a private Intrigue upon my hands with a very lovely Woman almoſt ever ſince we arriv'd at *Valencia*, and this very hour am I to meet her, by Aſſignati-

on; in the mean time you are brawling with our old Hoſt at home, 'tis the better Engagement of the two.

Fred. 'Tis leſs dangerous, that's certain; beſides, you ſay your Intrigue is private.

Ber. It is ſo, indeed: But I'll tell you what I'll do for you, if I ſucceed in my Amour to night, and taſte of this *Circe*'s Cup, I'll undertake you ſhall be made the next Swine, *Frederick.*

Fred. A pox of your Swine's Jeſt: Farewel. [*Exit* Fred.

Ber. Ha, ha, ha! good night Don *Frederick.* When I had told him of my Amour, I had no other way to be rid of him, for whatſoever he pretends, I know he's ſtanch, tho' a ſly Gameſter.

Now for the Coaſt of Love, on wings I'm born
To reach that Axis, on which all things turn. [Exit.

SCENE II. Donna Eleonora's *Longings.*

Enter Eleonora *and her Maid.*

Eleon. Come, *Dorila*, let us take a walk before the door, this cool Evening.

Dor. I'll wait upon you, Madam.

Eleon. I wonder Don *Sebaſtian* is not come yet: Sure ſomewhat of importance keeps him away, for he doth not uſe to be ſo tardy.

Dor. He is a Man, Madam, and may forget that he has been kindly uſed by a fair Lady.

Eleon. I would not willingly believe any ſuch Ingratitude of him, becauſe I have long entertain'd an opinion of his faithfulneſs; and tho' the expectation he has given me of being his Wife after the death of his Mother (if the ſolemneſt Oaths and Proteſtations avail any thing) makes me a little uneaſie under a diſappointment: yet he has ſo much Goodneſs in his Nature, and ſuch Charms about his Perſon, that I can't ſoon give way to interpret any thing amiſs of him.

Dor. And ſo had Don *Philip*, when you were firſt acquainted with him at *Madrid.* He had ſuch another Art of Charming too, that he ſoon gain'd a paſſage into your yielding heart, and when he had made the Conqueſt, left and deſpis'd you.

Eleon. And now he ſhall pay for his Villany; for know, *Dorila*, that he no ſooner left me to night, but I ſent ſome Ruffians after him to diſpatch him, leſt he ſhould hinder my deſign upon *Sabaſtian*, as well as to puniſh him for his Ingratitude. I wonder he could have the Impudence to inquire me out here, after the Contempt he us'd me with at *Madrid.* How do I long to hear the Fact is committed!

Dor. For my part I can't pity him.

Eleon. Pity

Eleon. Pity him, no; but I'll be reveng'd on him, Wench. He goes to Hell this night: There let him ſcorn a poor deluded Maid, that ſacrific'd her Honour to oblige him; truſted to all his flattering promiſes, and ſaw her ſelf forſaken, blaſted, ruin'd. O Woman! Woman! How eager haſt thou always been to know what brings ruin as ſoon as known! Couldſt thou but ſpare thy Curioſity, and give no Ear to the alluring Tongues of Men, how mightſt thou live in Triumph, and ſee proud Man beneath thee!

Dor. But, Madam, you'd ſoon have the World diſpeopled at this rate.

Eleon. Were it a drowning a ſecond time, 'twere no matter. 'Tis a vile World that is not worth keeping above Water. What is there to be found in it, but ſpecious promiſes and certain falſhood. Two ſuch Contagions, like North-Eaſt Winds in the Spring, are enough to blaſt Mankind, as thoſe do the Fruits of the Earth.

Dor. Alas, poor World, what a condition art thou in!

Eleon. Never in a worſe: But however, my meaning at firſt was, that I would have our Sex hold out, till they could obtain Men by Lawful means; but even then, how much diſcontent doth often follow!

Dor. Why there's the buſineſs: You would deprive poor Women of their pleaſure every way. Come, come, Madam, *Venus* has been more indulgent to you, than you imagine, for, tho' one Lover has forſaken you, yet, thanks to fortune, you have found a Friend here that may hereafter be your Husband. Or, if you miſtruſt him, there's the handſom ſtranger Don *Bernardo*, who has made ſome Addreſſes of Love to you.

Eleon. 'Dslife, *Dorila*, he was to be here to night, this very hour, by appointment, when I did not think of *Sebaſtian*'s coming. As I live I had quite forgot it. *Dorila*, come, let us go and contrive ſome way to avoid meeting both.

Dor. Why, this it is, not to Communicate your Affairs to me. I hope by this time you ſee how neceſſary a Confidente is in your Affairs; you may have undone your ſelf now, for ought I know.

Eleon. Come, for *Venus* ſake, let us go. Hark! ſome body's coming.

[Don *Bernardo* Enters.

Ha! *Bernardo*, as I live. *Dorila*, make haſte in, and after a little while call me, and I'll pretend 'tis my Aunt that calls, and ſo get away; for I wou'd not be obſerv'd to ſhun him neither.

Ber. [*running to them.*] By your leave, Ladies, I hope to find an Acquaintance here. Nay, never ſtrive to conceal your ſelf, Madam. Could the fair *Eleonora* think to be ſo diſguis'd, that a Lover ſhould not be able to diſtinguiſh her? [Dor. *ſlips in.*

Eleon. I might have expected ſome aſſiſtance from the darkneſs of the night, if I had not been inclin'd to diſcloſe my ſelf to you.

Ber. Were the night much darker than it is, and you had kept back the goodneſs you ſhew me, yet thoſe Eyes would have diſperſed the darkneſs, and left me certain of my happineſs.

Eleon. You are skill'd in Complements, I ſee; but let me intreat you to ſpeak lower, for my Aunt is yet awake, and is apt to hear the leaſt noiſe.

Ber. Let us walk further off then, that it mayn't be in her power either to hear us, or ſee us.

Eleon. O no, not for the World: If I ſhould not be within call, ſhe'd certainly riſe, and ſuſpect I was away upon ſome bad account. 'Twould ruin me, Sir, for ſhe's very paſſionate, and would ſurely make another Will, and give away Forty Thouſand Crowns from me.

Ber. Ha! Forty Thouſand Crowns: Can it be true? [*Aſide.* But, Madam, when will you grant ſome pity to a Man that ſo infinitely adores you? Were we not by Appointment to meet to night?

Eleon. Are we not met, Sir?

Ber. But not as I cou'd wiſh: I would convince you of my unſpeakable Affection.

Eleon. O, Sir, then you and I muſt meet no more. Is it poſſible you ſhould entertain any ſuch unlawful hopes?

Ber. 'Sdeath, ſhe'd hook me into Marriage! [*Aſide.*

[*Eleonora, within.*

Eleon. Pray let me go: My Aunt calls within, and I ſhall be undone for ſtaying. (*Eleonora again.*

Ber. A pox of this Aunt for me. (*Aſide.*

Madam, give me leave to aſſure you, that I have no ill deſign: All that I intended was to give you moſt undeniable proofs of my Love. I intreat you to believe my ſincerity.

Eleon. You talk'd juſt now at ſuch a mad rate, that 'twill be ſome difficulty to retrieve the good opinion I had of you.

(*Eleonora.*

O I ſhall be ruin'd, if I ſtay longer.

Ber. When ſhall I have an opportunity to bring you to a better underſtanding?

Eleon. O never, never. You ſha'n't catch me here again to morrow night, I warrant you. (*Runs in.*

Ber. A Pox of all Aunts, I ſay: You ſha'n't catch me here again to morrow night I warrant you. A good direction however for to morrow; but what have I to do with to morrow? I may be leſs inclin'd for a Woman then, and leſs at leiſure. A Curſe on this Accident! Well, I'll take t'other walk, and if the Stars decree me no Adventure to night, I'll e'en home, and take Counſel of my Pillow about this laſt Affair. (*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Don Sebaſtian *muffled in his Cloak.*

Seb. Let me ſee; this muſt be the Houſe. Well, this Love has a ſtrange power! 'Tis ſo diffus'd thro' the Compoſition of Man, that all his other Faculties are like ſo many uſeleſs Wheels, till that ſpring be put in motion. What is there agreeable in Life, without Love? That Poet had a true taſte of the World, who ſaid, Let me die, ye Powers, when I am no longer able to reliſh the Bleſſings of Love. But I amuſe my ſelf too long. (*Knocks.*)

Dorila *in the Balcony.*

Dor. Who is't that knocks at this late hour?

Seb. 'Tis I; good *Dorila*, make no noiſe, but let me in.

Dor. I fly, Seignor, to obey you. (*Retires.*

Seb. I'm glad they are ſo cautious whom to admit, tho' it may be nothing but diſguiſe to cheat me, for Women have their Arts, I know.

(Dorila *opens the door.*

Dor. O Seignor, we have expected you ſo long, that we began to deſpair of ſeeing you to night.

Seb. I hope I am not come too ſoon. Where's my *Eleonora*?

Dor. In her Chamber, impatient for your arrival, to be ſure.

Seb. Did you not tell her I was at the door?

Dor. I thought 'twould be more agreeable for you to ſurpriſe her with your coming.

Seb. You have oblig'd me. Come, let us go in. (*They go in.*

SCENE Changes. The ſtreet.

Enter Don Bernardo.

Ber. A Plague upon that Sreech-owl that call'd in my *Eleonora* from me: For beſides my ill fortune in loſing her, ſhe has preſag'd me no luck all this night, I am afraid. Well, if I muſt go home without any Adventure to boaſt of, or to juſtifie my abſence to Don *Frederick*, I muſt e'en be content to bear with his dull Encomiums on Regularity and Example; tho' he, like the reſt of the Men of Zeal for ſeverity of Manners, is better pleas'd with the formality of adviſing, than the difficulty of the practice.

A Song without, at ſome diſtance.

Cuſtom, alas! doth partial prove,
Nor gives us even meaſure:
To Maids it is a Pain to Love,
But 'tis to Men a pleaſure.

They

They freely can their Thoughts explain,
Whilst ours must burn within:
We have got Eyes and Tongues in vain,
And Truth from us is sin.

Men to new Joys and Conquests fly,
And yet no hazard run:
Poor we are left, if we deny,
Or if we yield, undone.

Then equal Laws let Custom *find,*
Nor either Sex oppress:
More freedom give to Womankind,
Or give to Mankind less.

Ber. By your leave, whoe'er you are, I mean to interrupt your Singing, tho' I like it well. This may prove some lucky check to my rising inclination to go home. I'll follow the voice, whatever may ensue. (*Ex.*

SCENE changes to Don Frederick's *Lodgings.*

Enter Don Frederick *and his Man* Anthony.

Fred. From *Alcantara*, did he say?

2 *Ant.* I tell you, Sir, from *Alcantara*, and when he knew that, I had the Honour to be your Valet de Chambre.

Fred. You are pleasant, Sirra.

2 *Ant.* Why, Sir, I hope 'tis not an Employment above me, for the Heralds have distinguish'd us in *France*.

Fred. So they will a Fidler, if he has mony to purchase a Coat of Arms.

2 *Ant.* I hope, Sir, you don't speak of that Profession by way of Contempt.

Fred. What doth it deserve else?

2 *Ant.* I am sorry for your Judgment, for we were always esteemed in our Country.

Fred. O, I find you were your self an Instrument Scraper there once: But no more of this. What request did this stranger make to you?

2 *Ant.* That I should let you know, upon your coming home, that he was very earnest to speak with you alone.

Fred. So privately: Who can it be? Come, lead me to him; I long to know who 'tis. (*Exeunt.*

A Bed-chamber. Donna Cornelia *in Man's Cloaths, ſitting by a Table in a thoughtful poſture.*

Corn. What a Capricious Deity is Love, and how repugnant often to Nature it ſelf! So true are thoſe Lines of the Divine *Engliſh* Poet.

In Love the Victors from the Vanquiſh'd fly,
They fly that wound, and they purſue that dy.

Enter 2 Anthony.

2. *Ant.* Seignor, my Maſter, Don *Frederick*, if you are diſpos'd to receive his viſit, would wait on you.

Corn. With all my heart; I ſhall eſteem his Company as a favour. (*Exit* 2 Ant.

Now muſt I unfold my ſelf to him, and if he has that Generoſity the World gives him, he will both ſecure me from my Brother's indignation, and aſſiſt me towards the ſucceſs of my deſign.

Enter Don Frederick.

Fred. Sir, I was made believe upon my coming home, that you had ſome Commands for me. I ſhould be glad to have it in my power to obey a Stranger, eſpecially one whoſe Aſpect can even ſo ſoon prevail on my Inclinations.

Corn. Sir, your Language and Behavour ſpeak you Generous: I did indeed make it my requeſt to your Servant, who had inform'd me of yours and Don *Bernardo*'s Lodging here, to give you private notice that a Stranger was earneſt to ſpeak with you. Be not ſurpris'd, Sir, but oblige me ſo far as to ſit down, and hear my Story. (*They ſit.*

Fred. Sir, I am ready to give all attention.

Corn. I preſume, Sir, by the Deſcription you may have had of me, and the Garb you ſee me in, you take me for one of your own Sex. (*he ſtarts.* Be not amaz'd, Sir, for I am but a Woman, a moſt unhappy Woman, no other than the Siſter of your Friend Don *Bernardo.*

Fred. You aſtoniſh me, Donna *Cornelia!*

Corn. The ſame: Pray how long is it ſince you and my Brother arrived here from *Italy*?

Fred. We have been in *Spain* about four days, and only wait for the paſſing of to morrow's Feſtival, before we go for *Alcantara.* 'Tis the great Feaſt of St. *Jago*, at whoſe Church to morrow is to be ſeen all the Magnificence of this Place.

Corn. 'Tis poſſible then you may have ſeen Don *Philip de Monaſco*, in this Town.

Fred. I have only heard of him, Madam, I never had the honour to know him.

Corn. Alas, Sir, 'tis he that is the cauſe of this diſguiſe, this Journey to *Valencia*, and of all the misfortunes that have yet befaln me.

Not

Not to detain you, you muſt know that Don *Philip* making uſe of the Acquaintance of our Friends, came frequently to our Houſe, and was always entertain'd with that welcome that was due to the Son of a Man of Quality, and a particular Friend. I muſt confeſs, that from the firſt moment I ſaw him, I had a more than ordinary Joy to think we were under the ſame Roof, and an unuſual heavineſs when he went away. How ſoon doth Love find entrance into a weak Woman's heart! I fanci'd whene'er he appear'd before me, that there was not a Man in *Spain* of ſuch Beauty, Grace, and Proportion; but when he ſpoke, ſure Muſick hung upon his Tongue, and all he ſaid I thought Oraculous.

Fred. Nay, now you are far gone indeed.

Corn. You'l excuſe my weakneſs, Sir. After many diſcourſes we had together full of Complaiſance and Gallantry, He at laſt made ſome advances of Love. You may imagine I was not diſpleas'd to find a mutual concern. This humour he continued for many days, and at laſt after a Thouſand Solicitations attended with Oaths and Promiſes of Marriage: I was Fool enough to yield.

Fred. Heavens! Can it be?

Corn. To an agreement to meet him ſuch a day.

Fred. Your diſcretion may be yet ſafe. But pray, Madam, why did you not give your Father notice of your mutual Inclinations, that he might have procur'd Don *Philip* for your Husband?

Corn. Becauſe I knew he had given his word to another Gentleman, and had commanded me to prepare to accept him for my Husband, tho' I told him I could never love him.

Fred. Well, Madam, when the day came?

Corn. I met him at the appointed place, but had the prudence to reſolve before-hand not to yield till he ſhould actually have Married me. He uſed many importunities to perſwade me, but, I thank Heaven, I had ſo much reaſon left, as to conſider, that he who refus'd to ſend for a Prieſt, when I gave him an opportunity, by being abſent from my Father's Houſe, wou'd ſcarce agree to do it when he had once enjoy'd me.

Fred. 'Twas wiſely reaſon'd, Madam; ſo you broke off.

Corn. We did from what he propos'd, but not from a Contract we had made before.

Fred. Ha! Contracted?

Corn. A Solemn Contract had paſs'd between us.

Fred. I am ſorry for't. Pray, what has induc'd you to come hither in diſguiſe?

Corn. Two days after our Adventure, I was inform'd that Don *Philip* was privately gone to this Place, in order to take Shipping for *Naples*, and had carried with him a beautiful young Lady, whom he had

had newly married, or designed to marry. This News put me into such a fit of melancholy, that I could not conceal it from the Family, which was very earnest to know the Cause, but in vain. After a day or two I took a resolution to disguise my self, and to come directly to *Valencia* to find out this ungrateful *Philip*, who is my Husband before Heaven, tho' another has the happiness to live with him. If I can find them, I'll either pull her by force out of his Arms, and let the World know the claim I have to him, or if he refuses to own me for his Wife, he shall experience the Revenge of a Neglected Woman.

Fred. Madam, if I might advise you, things being not yet gone so far as to necessitate your pursuit of him at this rate, you should even despise him in your turn, and make choice of another that should be more worthy of your Love.

Corn. Alas, Sir, if we could Love whom we would, your Counsel might be chosen: But Love, you know, has Fate in it, and therefore cannot be withstood.

Fred. You may be Wedded to a false opinion of Love; there's no such Astrology in the matter.

Corn. However, 'tis impossible I can ever forget Don *Philip*.

Fred. Few things are impossible, Madam, they only appear so to us for want of putting them in practice: However, let us refer this business, if you please, till the morning; you must needs want rest after the fatigue of a Journey. To morrow you may Command me as far as I have any Power.

Corn. But, Sir, I must intreat one Favour of you, which is, that you give my Brother no Intelligence of my being here, for I fear his Anger as much as the neglect of *Philip*.

Fred. Madam, I shall be careful to obey your Commands. Good rest to the fair *Cornelia*. (*Exit.*

Corn. Alas! I can have no rest: This ungrateful Man will keep me for ever waking. To go to Bed is only to toss from side to side, to be tormented with Sighs, and inflam'd with Jealousie.

O Love, in Notion so transporting Fair,
Once Felt, what Wrecks and Tortures dost Thou bear
Between the Flames of Hope and Coldness of Despair.

The End of the First Act.

ACT the Second.

SCENE the First: *The ſtreet.*

Enter Don Bernardo, *with Donna* Olivia *in Mans Cloaths.*

Ber. THe relation you have made me, Madam, of this ungrateful *Philip*, as it makes me look upon you with the tendereſt Compaſſion, ſo it gives me reaſon to deteſt the Author of your misfortune. You ſay he promis'd you Marriage firſt with all the marks of ſincerity.

Ol. He wiſh'd a thouſand times that Heaven might pour down Vengeance on his head, if he prov'd falſe.

Ber. What a Villain is he then for leaving you thus!

Ol. He is ſo, and yet I love this Villain. O! *Bernardo*, do but frame to your ſelf the ſofteſt delights that ever any Lov'd Woman has yet rais'd in your Soul: Fancy how tranſported you ſhould be with the full poſſeſſion of her Charms: Think what a pain 'twould be to live depriv'd of ſuch a happineſs; and then conclude what I have loſt in *Philip*.

Ber. Amazement! Can there be ſo much felicity in our Sex? I thought all we had on Earth was to be found in yours.

Ol. I find you think me vain, Sir, in giving ſuch a Character of a Man, with whom I have had ſome underſtanding: But 'tis my infirmity, pray paſs it by.

Ber. Pardon me, Madam, I am well pleas'd than any of our Sex can be ſo very acceptable. I'll recant the name of Villain I call'd him too, if 'twould oblige you.

Ol. His leaving me looks unkind enough, indeed, but could I meet him here, I ſhould not doubt the recovery of his heart, I know it was nothing but a youthful ſally to make me ſenſible of the want of his dear Company, that I might receive him at his return with more than uſual Ardour.

Ber. How ready the fond thing is to excuſe this treacherous Fellow! (*Aſide.*

Ol. But whatever be the cauſe, I muſt intreat you, ſince the Accident of my voice brought you to diſcover my paſſion, that you would give me your aſſiſtance, as ſoon as 'tis day, to find out this Rambler, if he be in *Valencia*; if not, O misfortune! Whither ſhall I go to ſeek him?

Ber. You

Ber. You may command my faithfuleſt ſervice.

Ol. Another Requeſt I have to make to you, which is, that you conceal my being here from Don *Frederick*'s knowledge for the preſent.

Ber. I ſhall obey you. You'll give me leave to wait on you to your Lodging, and, as ſoon as 'tis day, I ſhall not fail to ſend to know your Commands.

Ol. You maintain the Character the World is full of. [*Exeunt.*

Don Philip *and his Man.*

Phil. Sure I muſt be near Don *Sebaſtian*'s: *Anthony*, don't you know the Street?

1 *Ant.* If 'twere not quite ſo dark, poſſibly I might, Sir.

Phil. As far as I remember, we ſhould paſs by this Church.

1 *Ant.* Ay, Sir, you were always for paſſing by the Church, I'll ſay that for you; but if you live at this rate, the Church won't paſs You by very long.

Phil. Why how now, Sirra, you are Witty to night: What, you have been punning in Donna *Eleonora*'s Kitchin, ſervile Rogue!

1 *Ant.* Faith, Sir, 'tis a miſtake, with your pardon; for there was Mrs. *Pert*, her Maid, who has ſo unreaſonable a Tongue, that ſet it once a going, 'tis a very Laram for an hour together, ſo that no body can be heard but ſhe. Will you give me leave, Sir, to tell you ſomething ſhe ſaid?

Phil. Barring all Smut, and ſo forth, which thou canſt no more forbear interlarding in thy diſcourſe, than an Old Maid when ſhe is paſt hopes of Matrimony.

1 *Ant.* Smut, Sir, I ſcorn your Words; I'll have you to know we *Frenchmen* have more good Breeding.

Phil. Nay, your Nation has the Character for good Manners.

1 *Ant.* Ay, and for good Courage, good Politicks, and good Subjects, Begar.

Phil. How do you make your Courage out, pray, my Underſtanding Valet?

1 *Ant.* Why, we always get the better of our Enemies by our Numbers, and ſo our Courage is not diſputed. Then as for Politicks, don't you know a Nation, Sir, that has had cunning enough to get a Peace concluded, when 'twas Six to four that it had been undone in another Campagne.

Phil. I'm afraid that condition regarded more than one Nation. Well, and how are you good Subjects?

1 *Ant.* In troth, I think we are very good, eaſie Subjects, to ſuffer all to be reſtor'd in one Day that we had been getting for half an Age.

Phil. Admirable Paſquil! Well, but thou haſt rambled all this while from thy Theme: Thou art a true *Frenchman* in thy Tongue at leaſt, which is ever running a ſwift Courſe without any Goal before

it. I thought I was to have had a decent Account of your late Converſation.

1 *Ant.* Sir, I beg your Pardon, with all my heart: Why, Sir, what do you think this wicked Jade told me?

Phil. Come, out with it.

1 *Ant.* Why, Sir, as ſure as you're alive, this Water-wagtail told me, that the whole buſineſs of this wicked Town was Love.

Phil. Say'ſt thou ſo, my little *Anthony*?

1 *Ant.* Nay, I knew 'twould pleaſe you, for you are ſuch a Hawk at the Sex, that the very name of an Intrigue, tho' you were to croſs the Sea for't, would be a Lure to you. But, pray, Sir, let me intreat you to ſet me a better Example, that we may both leave this pernicious way; for, to tell you the truth, I have ſo great a reſpect for you, that I can no more forbear following all your ſteps like a true Serving man, than an old Sharper can thoſe of a young Heir.

Phil. Leave off your Canting, Sirra, for thou lov'ſt Woman's fleſh as naturally as *Spaniards* love Conſtancy, or *Engliſhmen* Change.

1 *Ant.* But, Sir, how can you ſo ſoon forget the Beautiful *Cornelia*? I dare ſwear ſhe's pining and languiſhing for her Contracted Husband.

Phil. Let her languiſh on: A fooliſh Wench, ſhe might have had what ſhe languiſh'd for, but Vertue, forſooth, flew in her face, and made her reſolve to ſtarve her Love. Now for a Woman, commend me to *Olivia*, that no ſooner lov'd but nouriſh'd her deſire, leaving the dull fantaſtick notion of Fame and Honour, for the lively ſubſtantial Enjoyment of Man and Happineſs.

1 *Ant.* And yet you could forſake her too.

Phil. Yes, becauſe ſhe began to trouble me, like the other, with my promiſe of Marriage: They would have had me worn a very ſtrait Shooe that galls and pinches one even to Lameneſs. To marry is to open *Pandora*'s Box, which is no ſooner done, but all kinds of miſeries flutter about your Ears.

1 *Ant.* And have you no qualms of Conſcience for theſe things?

Phil. Not I, fool; Pleaſure is my Employment, and my Conſcience is ſubſervient to it.

Ruffians peep in.

1 *Ruf.* It muſt be he by what we have heard: Courage, Friends, prepare.

2 *Ruf.* I'll have his head at the firſt ſtroak, an ungrateful Villain.

Four or five enter and come forward.

1 *Ant.* I hear a noiſe, Sir: Let us jog on and find the Houſe, if it be poſſible.

Phil. Stay. Who's there? What's your buſineſs?

1 *Ruf.* We come to ſend a Villain to the Devil.

1 *Ant.* I am Thunderſtruck, I'm Dead; did not I tell you, Sir, that the injuries you have done to thoſe Gentlewomen would come home to you, and now you have involv'd me too? (*ſoftly.*

Phil.

Phil. *Anthony*, ſtand up cloſe to me, d'ee hear, or, by the Maſs, I'll give you into their hands, whoever they are. (*Aſide to him.*

Ant. (*trembling.*) I will ſtand cloſe, Sir. A pox confound them for me.

Phil. Well, who is this Villain you talk of? If you expect to find him here, you are deceiv'd.

1 *Ruf.* We know you are a Villain, as ſure as you are Don *Philip*, therefore fall on, Friends.

Phil. Nay, then 'tis time to defend our ſelves: *Anthony*, keep cloſe to me, or d'ee hear, I ſhall thruſt you before me to be firſt ſlain.

Ant. Poor *Anthony*! how hard it is that other Mens ſins ſhould fall upon thy head! (*They draw.*

Phil. Will you hear me? I am not the Man you take me for: I am a ſtranger here.

2 *Ruf.* No, no; fall on, fall on.

1 *Ruf.* Courage, Lads, remember the Reward: 'Tis to kill a Villain, ſo 'tis no murder.

2 *Ruf.* If he were an honeſt Man 'twere all one to me. What, every Man muſt live in his way.

Ant. O bloody-minded Rogues! I wiſh I do not ſwoon before the fight begins. (*Trembling.*

Phil. Since no intreaties will prevail, come on: I ſhall ſend ſome of you, blood hounds, to Hell, before you murder me, I ſhall. (*They fight,*

(*Don* Bernardo *by the claſhing of Swords is brought that way, and joyns with* Philip.

Ber. Take Courage, Sir; you have one by your ſide that would ſtand by you, were the number of your Adverſaries double.

Phil. Whoe'er you are, you are very generous.

Ant. Nay, then I'll e'en ſteal away, and ſave my ſelf. (*ſneaks off.*

(*They fight ſtill, at laſt the noiſe of the Watch makes the Ruffians retire.*

1 *Ruf.* The Watch! The Watch! Let us ſhift for our ſelves! (*They ſcower off ſeveral ways,*

Phil. Sir, I am extreamly in your debt for your timely aſſiſtance and ſhould be glad to know of whom I have receiv'd ſo important a ſervice.

Ber. I have done no more, Sir, than the duty of a Gentleman oblig'd me to; you were over-power'd by Numbers, and Humanity forc'd me to take your part. My name is of little moment to you, ſince I am a ſtranger in this Place.

Phil. You are my preſerver, however: Let me intreat you then to be ſeen to morrow. The Watch, I find, is alarm'd, and will be every where; Their rudeneſs is to be avoided.

Ber. You may Command me any where in the morning.

Phil. Let it be then near the great Church, at Ten.

Ber. You'l pleaſe to give me Your name.

Phil.

Phil. You must excuse me, Sir, for some private reasons, but if you'll please to wear this Sword, whose Hilt is of a remarkable Frame, and of no ordinary Value, I shall have the pleasure of knowing you again at the time and place.

Ber. The satisfaction you promise me, makes me willing to exchange Swords, which I should otherwise be asham'd to do, since mine is of no value. (*They change Swords.*

(*Watch without, cry, This way, this way.*

Good night, Sir.

Phil. Fortune ever attend you. *Anthony!* Where the Devil is he? Sure he is not dropt in the Fray: I ne'er miss'd him till now; but let him be where he will I must avoid this Watch. (*Exit.*

Enter three or four Watchmen.

1 *Watch.* Here this way they went. Let's after them.

2 *Watch.* Follow, follow! (*All follow.*

Re-enter Don Bernardo.

Ber. I can go no way but these damn'd Constables, and their guard of Watchmen are upon the hunt. How to escape them, I don't well know. (*A noise without, This way, this way.*

The dogs are upon full scent, and I shall be finely mumbled if I stay here. Ha! a door open; nay, then there needs no pausing for a resolution what to do. (*Goes in, and shuts the door fast.*

Enter Constable and Watchmen, with 1*st.* Anthony.

1 *Wat.* Here's one of the Rogues.

2 *Watch.* Come, bring him before our Prince of Darkness here, to be examin'd.

1 *Ant.* Prince of Darkness, hum! then am I in Hell it seems. (*aside.*

Const. (*in his Chair.*) Come, Sir, in the first place, Who are you, that has had the Impudence to disturb the King's Peace, and the Quiet of our Government?

1 *Ant.* Truly, Sir, the King's Peace, and your Government put together, have made me forget my self in the Wonder.

Const. Sir, I'll have you to know, I am the King's Image, and Viceroy of his Nocturnal hours in *Valencia.*

1 *Ant.* Nay, Sir, I beg your pardon now you have explain'd your self, and to give you no further trouble, my name is honest *Anthony.*

1 *Watch.* Honest *Anthony*! here's a Rogue now, when, as I am an Assistant to his Majesty's Image here, I found him cram'd in a Cellar Window.

Con. Nay, 'tis very suspitious, let me tell you, Friends; for if he had not been upon some Wicked Design, he would ne'er have hid himself.

All. Plain, plain: Some House-breaker.

2 *Watch.* I warrant he's a Cendary in his heart, and came to set fire to the City.

Con.

Con. Like enough, truly, for tho' we have a Peace d'ee ſee, we ought to be upon our guard; elſe what our Enemies could not bring to paſs by the Sword, they may try to do by Fire.

1 *Ant.* Pauvre Antoine!

1 *Watch.* D'ee hear, Mr. Conſtable, what Gibberiſh the Rogue ſpeaks: I warrant that's Treaſon, if we knew what 'twas. I ſay, let him be hang'd without any more a-doe.

2 *Watch.* What, d'ee talk of hanging only: I humbly move, Mr. Conſtable, that he may be firſt hang'd and then drown'd.

Con. Nay, hold a little, my hearts of Steel: The Law takes notice of Life and Death, d'ee ſee. Let us proceed regular, d'ee mind: If upon further Examination, that is —— we find him a Vagabond ——That is to ſay——a Fellow, that——you know my meaning.

1 *Watch.* Ay, ay: One that can't anſwer for himſelf.

Con. Ay, that's it, *Tom*, the very thing I would have ſaid: But as I was ſaying, if he can give no 'count of himſelf, that is——We'll put him in the Stocks till morning, d'ee mind, and then carry him before a Magiſtrate. This is a Conſtable's duty.

2 *Watch.* Ay, ay, 'tis ſo, Mr. Conſtable: I had forgot my ſelf.

Con. Well, Friend, ſince the Queſtion of Who are you is anſwer'd, the next is always, What are you?

1 *Watch.* Ay, Sir, what are you? ha!

1 *Ant.* Why truly, Sir, I am a ſtranger here, I muſt own. But——

Con. He has Condemn'd himſelf: A miſchievous Rogue, I warrant him. What ſay you, Gentlemen, ſhall we proceed to Sentence?

All. Ay, ay, to Sentence, to Sentence.

1 *Watch.* And then to Execution with him.

1 *Ant.* Nay, good Gentlemen, do but hear me: I am not——

2 *Watch.* Stop his mouth for him; he's Convicted.

1 *Watch.* Ay, ay; 'tis not the cuſtom for a Criminal to ſpeak after Conviction. Be ſilent, you had beſt, and harken to your Sentence.

Con. Well then, ſince we have, upon a full Hearing and a clear Evidence, found him to be a Rogue, the next thing is, to proceed to Sentence, which I pronounce thus. You are, Sirra, to ſit in the Stocks till morning, and then you muſt expect to go to Priſon, and from thence to be hang'd at leaſt, if not impal'd alive.

1 Ant. *O malheureux que Je ſuis!*

1 *Watch.* Come, away with him; away with him.

All. Away! Away! (*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Don Frederick's *Lodgings.*

Enter Don Frederick *alone, with a Candle.*

Fred. What, in the name of wonder, ail'ſt thou, *Frederick*, that thou canſt not go to ſleep? Is it not the time when Men forget their daily cares, and lay themſelves to reſt? All are at Peace within theſe Walls,

Walls, but Thou. As I paſs'd by *Cornelia*'s Room, methought I could have crav'd admittance there, but that I recollected ſhe was tir'd with her Journey, and 'twould be barbarous to wake her. Ha! wake her! What pretence have I to wake her? Wake whom, *Cornelia*, for what? Have a care, *Frederick*, this Woman runs in thy head ſo much, that there is no reaſon either in thy actions, or thy talk. Why then I am in Love, it ſeems: Speed you, Sir. In Love! with whom? Why, *Cornelia*. There 'tis again: With one, that has left a kind Father, to run a gadding after an Ungrateful Lover. O well plac'd Affection!

If I muſt feel your power, cruel Cupid,
Why have you made me fix my thoughts on one,
From whom I can expect no kind return?
But the blind Boy delights in Tyranny.

Well, ſince I can't ſleep, I'll e'en walk out, and try if I can meet Don *Bernardo*. (*Goes to the door, and calls* Anthony. How faſt the Raſcal is! Stretch'd upon the Floor he ſleeps as heavily as if he had taken Opium. Thou haſt no cares to keep thee waking, much happier than thy Maſter. Why *Anthony*?

(*He anſwers without, Sir, Sir.*

Make no noiſe, but come hither.

Enter 2 Anthony, *yawning, and rubbing his Eyes.*

2 *Ant.* What would your Worſhip have, Sir? you wak'd me out of the moſt extraordinary Dream. (*yawning.*

Fred. What was your Dream, you ſleepy ſot? here, take the Candle.

2 *Ant.* Why, Sir, methought the World was turn'd Topſie-turvy; Integrity was come in faſhion at Court, and Modeſty the road to Preferment there. Great Miniſters no longer wrack'd Attendance, and advanc'd Men of Worth, without putting them to the bluſh to ask. Lawyers forbore taking Fees on both ſides, and Phyſicians after their Patients were dead. The Clergy were in eſteem for not going from their Text, and Tradeſmen were grown Conſcientious. Right and Wrong were no more the Subjects of Diſpute, and Men of Sence valu'd Things more than Words. Envy and Oſtentation were no longer known among Wits and Criticks, nor Controverſies among Divines.

Fred. Why, this was a Golden Age.

2 *Ant.* Ay, Sir, would it were more than a Dream. But to purſue it, methought all Women were grown Vertuous; Balls and Maſquerades were quite laid aſide; Vails and Vizards were out of doors, they were not ſuffer'd ev'n at the Playhouſes; City Ladies no longer affected to out-ſhine Quality, nor Court Lords joynd iſſue with the City. In a Word, Sir, Honeſty, Diſcretion and good Breeding went hand in hand together.

Fred. But how will you Interpret this Dream?

2 *Ant.* Nay, Sir, if once you come to that, I know what 'twill come to—

Fred. What?

Fred. What?

2 *Ant.* Ev'n nothing, Sir; for the rule of interpreting dreams is by their contraries.

Fred. Therefore you're out, for if you perſue that rule, you have the very World we live in. But no more; I have a mind to walk out to try if I can meet Don *Bernardo*. Make no anſwer, but follow me. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Street.

Enter Don Philip, *with two of Don* Sebaſtian's *Servants, with Lanthorns*

Phil. Hold, let me ſee; It muſt be hereabouts that I was ſet upon by Ruffians, and reliev'd by a ſtrange Gentleman, when I miſs'd my Man *Anthony*. Pray let us look about for him: 'Tis poſſible he may have faln in the Encounter; if he did, he ſhall have a decent Funeral for the Service he has done me. Yet I would not loſe the Rogue neither, if I could help it, becauſe he us'd to divert me often with his Country raillery. (*The Servants are looking about all this time.* You ſay Don *Sebaſtian* is not at home to night.

1 *Ser.* No, Seignor, begs you would excuſe him till morning.

Phil. With all my heart.

Enter Don Frederick, *and his Man.*

Ha! who are theſe that come this way? One of your Lights, that I may view them.

Fred. Good Evening, Seignor.

Phil. Seignor, the like to you. [Fred. *paſſes by, and his Man comes after.*

Ha! is not that *Anthony*?

1 *Ser.* As I live, *Anthony* riſen from the dead.

2 *Ant.* Yes, Sirs, my name is *Anthony*, but I was never dead yet, I thank Heaven: If you will not believe me, my Maſter, who is gone before, will confirm, that I have been alive at leaſt theſe two years.

Phil. How, Slave! have you forſaken me then, and, not only ſo ſoon found another Maſter, but do you banter me too?

Fred. turns back.) Ha! what mean you, Friends? Forſaken whom? Whom has he banter'd? Pray give him leave to do his duty in following me.

Phil. Hey day! Pray do you give your opinions of him? (*To Don* Seb's *Servants.*

Is not this *Anthony*, that came with me to your Maſter's Houſe; and has been with me ever ſince, till within this half hour? (*Both view him.*

1 *Ser.* Why, what a Rogue are you, *Anthony*, to deny your ſelf to your Maſter?

2 *Ser.* 'Tis either *Anthony*, or the Devil in his ſhape, that's certain.

Phil. Now, Sir, are you convinc'd yet?

Fred. Of your miſtake, I am ſure you are all bewitch'd to talk thus. I tell you, he has liv'd with me theſe two years in *Italy*, and we are newly arriv'd here from thence.

Phil. Nay, Sir, ſince you are ſo poſitive, and he's ſuch a Raſcal to deny me, I have done: You ſhall keep your Man, and much good may he do you; only ſpare me one word, which is this, 'tis very certain, that one and the ſelf-ſame Perſon, could not have liv'd with me in *Spain*, and with you in *Italy*, at the ſame time; tho' one of our Modern Virtuoſi has boldly undertaken to prove the poſſibility of ſuch a thing. But, Sir, 'tis as certain, that this very individual Fellow that you have taken into your Service, has been my Man every day for theſe ſix months, or it muſt be the Devil in his Perſon.

Fred. Sir, we are all ſubject to be deceiv'd; 'tis likely your Man might bear ſome reſemblance to him; that you are miſtaken in him, I'll wager my Eſtate; for, I repeat it to you again, he has liv'd with me theſe two years.

2 *Ant.* Truly, Sir, I ſhould be ſorry to offend you, or any Gentleman, but, upon my honeſt Word, Sir, I never ſaw your Face before.

Phil. Be damn'd, Sir. Come, let us go: I'm weary of this illuſion.

1 *Ser.* Ay, Sir, pray let us go, for fear it ſhould be the Devil in good earneſt.

Phil. Speed you, Sir, with your new ſervant.

[*Exeunt Don* Philip *and Don* Sebaſtian's *Men.*

Fred. What a Whimſical Adventure have I met with? I wonder what time of the Moon 'tis? Sure theſe Men have loſt their Wits, they could ne'er have been ſo miſtaken elſe. Well, the morning may diſcover more of this. I'll take t'other walk, and ſee what I can meet with next. (*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT the Third. SCENE the First.

Eleonora's *Lodgings.*

Enter Don Bernardo, *and* Dorila.

Ber. I Believe I ſurpris'd you, but I had no other way to eſcape the rude Watch, neither did I know whoſe door it was I ſo ſeaſonably found open, tho' at an unſeaſonable hour.

Dor. My Lady was horribly frightned, when I told her firſt of it, but when ſhe was a little recover'd, ſhe call'd me to her Bedſide, and whiſp'ring, leaſt her Aunt, whom ſhe lay with, ſhould hear her, charg'd me to beg your Excuſe for her not ſeeing you; and that you might be convinc'd, 'twas nothing but the fear of her Aunt, if ſhe ſhould attempt to riſe, that hindred it: She commanded me to preſent you with this Ring, as a Teſtimony of her Favour.

Ber. Nay then, Mrs. *Dorila*, you muſt oblige me ſo far as to accept of this. (*Gives her Money.* Pray tell your Lady, I'll ever wear it for her ſake, and to morrow I hope to acknowledge to her in Perſon, this generous Favour. In the mean time, pray do you make my Excuſe to her for this Accident, and the diſturbance I have unhappily caus'd her. Good morrow, Mrs. *Dorila.*

Dor. I ſhall obey your Commands, Seignor. (*Exit* Ber. I am glad he's gone, for if Don *Sebaſtian* and he ſhould have met here, there would have been fine Work. Now doth this Amoriſt believe he has receiv'd a ſignal favour from his Miſtreſs, when in truth ſhe knows nothing of the matter. The Ring's but a Trifle, and was given her formerly by Don *Philip*, and ſhe gave it me: However, as ſoon as her Lover *Sebaſtian* goes, I muſt acquaint her with it to prepare her againſt the next time ſhe ſees *Bernardo.* Well, let the Men ſay what they will, our Wits are quickeſt, that's certain. (*Exit.*

SCENE the Street.

Don Philip's *man* Anthony *in the Stocks.*

1 *Ant.* Poor *Anthony*! This Puniſhment is certainly a Judgment upon thee for ſerving ſo debauch'd a Maſter. Well, Don *Philip*,

you have been met with too: If you are ſlain by thoſe Ruffians I left you engaged with, why then my Cowardice has got the advantage of your Courage. If you have eſcap'd them, I hope the danger will be a warning for you to reform your Life. O my Legs, my Legs! Now am I juſt for all the World as if I were Married. Ha! who comes here?

Don Bernardo *paſſing that way.*

Ber. 'Tis yet too early to go home for one of my wakeful Conſtitution. I'll e'en ſaunter about, and if nothing happens worthy my humble attention here below, I'll erect my face, and pleaſe my ſelf with the obſervation of the growing day: Nor is't an unprofitable Amuſement to view the ſeparation of Light and Darkneſs, to ſee day and night ſtruggle for Empire. For by this reflection may one learn the nature of humane paſſions, that at firſt make wild contention with our Reaſon, which riſing by degrees like the Lights force, diſperſes all their gloom, and brings forth Day to the Underſtanding.

1 *Ant.* This muſt be ſome Philoſopher, or Star-gazer.

Ber. Ha! One ſo near me. Who are you, ſpeak?

1 *Ant.* No Dancing-maſter———for I want Legs.

Ber. Sure 'tis *Anthony's* voice. (*Approaches him.* Why, how now, *Anthony*, how came you here, and in this humility?

1 *Ant.* Sir, if you'll vouchſafe to let me know how you came ſo well acquainted with me, I'll ſoon anſwer you.

Ber. What, is your Preferment ſo great, that you have forgot me? I could hardly have expected to have found the Quality of a Great Man in the Stocks.

1 *Ant.* You are a very pleaſant Gentleman. But, Sir, 'tis an unſeaſonable time for mirth; and take this from me, I never ſaw you in my Life before.

Ber. Sure he's diſtracted. Pray, who are you, Friend?

1 *Ant.* I am a Native of that Country that you ſcorn, tho' it has made you tremble. I have the honour to be a Subject of the Grand Monarque, who, in time of War, knew how to turn a Skirmiſh into a great Fight; the reduction of a Village into that of an invincible Caſtle, and the loſs of a Battle into an abſolute Victory, and ſung *Te Deum* for them all. (*All this in a big voice.*

Ber. A very Politick Perſon! And where do you live, my notable States-man?

1 *Ant.* In the Stocks.

Ber. Good. But where, before you were thus exalted?

1 *Ant.* I ſerv'd a *Spaniard.*

Ber. All this agrees mighty well. Pray, what's his name?

1 Ant. *Perſonne. Il n'en a point.*

Ber. Now his fit returns; poor fellow.

1 *Ant.*

1 *Ant.* Was it not enough I told you that I ſerv'd a *Spaniard*. By all my wrongs 'twas too much; 'twas adding to the diſgrace I am under. Thoſe of our Country ſhould Command, not Serve; at leaſt not ſerve a thing ſo ſtupid as a *Spaniard*: One that prefers a lazy Luxury before an active Frugality, and would not loſe a formal Ceremony, or part with an Inch of his Grandeur to ſave his Country from Ruin.

Ber. This is notorious Truth, tho it come from the mouth of a Madman. Farewel, *Anthony*. I'll ſend you relief in the morning. (*Exit.*

1 *Ant.* You'l do more than I expect then.

Who ſhould this Man be? I never ſaw him in my Life before, and yet he will needs be acquainted with me. Well, if he ſhould ſend to releaſe me, according to his promiſe, I ſhall be oblig'd to him, that's certain. So I were out of this nooſe, *I ſhould not care if I were to be converted into a* Spaniard, *or an* Engliſhman, *tho they are as much extreams as Fire and Water: For as one by his Violence always ſhoots beyond the Mark, ſo the other by his Lazineſs ever falls ſhort of his Diſtance.*

(Scene ſhuts him in.

Enter Don Bernardo.

Ber. Ha! I don't like theſe Fellows. ſtill as I go on, they follow me. I turn'd down this Street on purpoſe to avoid them, and yet they are here. I'll make what haſt I can homewards, or try to loſe them by the way.

Eenter three Ruffians.

1 *R.* It muſt be Don *Philip* by the glittering of his Sword-hilt. I took particular notice of that before.

2. *R.* So did I. Sure it muſt be ſet with Diamonds.

1. *R.* So much the better ſtill, Boys, 'tis lucky we have found him again. Come, we may diſpatch him yet.

2. *R.* Away, away. We loſe time. (*Exeunt after him.*

Re-enter Don Bernardo.

Ber. Nay, if you follow me ſtill, I may well ſuſpect your deſign. So, I am met with for my Curioſity. But hold, ſure I am come round again to *Eleonora*'s. By my ſurprize I am. I'll ſtrive to get in here before they come up to me. St. *Eleonora*, *Dorila*, Hem.

Eleonora *in her Nightgown at the Window.*

El. ſoftly, Who calls *Eleonora* at this early hour?

Ber. 'Tis I, *Bernardo*. For Heavens ſake, dear Creature, let me in this moment, for I am purſu'd by Ruffians. Uſe no delay or objection, for if you do I am a Dead Man.

El. Pho, this is one of the Artifices of you young Fellows, to ſeduce a tender Maid. You muſt excuſe me, Seignor. Beſides, if I had an inclination, my Aunt is yet ſtirring, and it concerns my Honour, and Well-being with her not to admit you.

Ber.

Ber. Come you are deſign'd to preſerve me, for let me go which way I will to night, ſtill I meet with your Houſe. 'Twill be now the ſecond time my ſhelter this night from imminent Danger.

El. Indeed, Sir! you talk ſtrangely. My door's are never open'd at late hours to any one.

Ber. 'Sdeath, Madam, what do you mean? the Ring, the Ring.

El. What of a Ring? I don't know your ſign, Sir, 'Tis plain you are miſtaken in the Houſe, therefore Adieu. (*She retires.*

Ber. Miſtaken in the Houſe, that's impoſſible. Neither can I be in that deluding Voice. Is it not cruel to trifle with me thus at ſuch a time? Alas! ſhe's gone indeed. Diſcourteous *Eleonora*! Well, if they do aſſault me, I muſt e'en defend my ſelf as well as I can.

1. *Ruf.* There he is like a Rat caught in a Trap. He can retire no further.

2. *Ruf.* But hold, hold. Let us be ſure 'tis he before we ſend him to Lucifer's Dominions. I would not kill a wrong man neither.

1. *Ruf.* What d'ee talk of a wrong man? don't you ſee how his Sword glitters? it muſt be he by that.

2. *Ruf.* Ay, but if I thought he were not the right man I would not be concern'd.

1. *Ruf.* Why 'tis he, what a pox d'ee ail? I'll ſwear it upon any Maſs-book in *Spain*. What do you flinch now? you have forgot the Reward ſure.

2. *Ruf.* The reward, let me ſee. Maſs, and ſo I had. A hundred Crowns, Maſs, 'tis enough to ſlay an Emperor. Come, he dies.

1. *Ruf.* Come on then, let us move towards him.

2. *Ruf.* Ay, ay, it muſt be he: 'Tis the very Sword he had before.

They come up to him.

Ber. What's your deſign, Friends, in following me thus?

1. *Ruf.* Nay, you are miſtaken, we are none of your friends, and for our deſign, that you may gueſs at by your own Villanys.

Ber. Villanys? you amaze me. I am a Stranger here, and have done wrong to none.

2. *Ruf.* We'll ſoon try if we are miſtaken. Know we are reſolute, and will trifle no longer.

Ber. Nay, if you are ſo bent to murder me, I'll ſell my Life as dear as I can.

They fight.

The noiſe of Swords brings Don Frederick *that way.*

Fred. Ha! three againſt one, Cowardly Villains! 'tis *Bernardo*, as I live. (*He joyns with* Bernardo.

Courage, my Friend.

Ber. You were never more wellcome.

2. *Ant.* Peeps in.) Nay, if you are there abouts, I'll wait here for the Iſſue of the Engagement. (*The Ruffians are beat back.*

Ber.

Ber. Dogs, Villains.

1. *Ant. Comes in and purſues.*

Blood-ſucking Sons of Whores.

The 2. Ruffian falls, the other two run away.

Fred. So, here's one of them rewarded.

2. *Ruf.* O ſpare my Life, and I'll confeſs all.

Ber. Ha! not dead: then we may learn this Myſtery.

2. *Ruf.* O Seignor, is not your name *Don Philip de Monaſco?*

Ber. No, you are deceiv'd.

2. *Ruf.* Truly, Sir, I was in ſome doubt of it before, but my Companions ſaid they knew you by the glittering of your Sword.

Ber. Ha! *Don Philip*, by the glittering of my Sword! but ſuppoſe it had been *Philip*, how were you induced to commit violence upon him.

2. *Ruf.* We were hired to it by one *Donna Eleonora* that lives hard by.

Ber. My barbarous Miſtreſs, as I live! Well, what was it for, come, out with all, or the Watch ſhall have you.

Ruf. She only told us he had wrong'd her ſo heinouſly, that it was not to be forgiven, and we were to have a hundred Crowns for our Reward.

Ber. Well, you may go. But, do you hear, if you are wiſe, This mercy that I ſhew to you, will be a means to make you change your Life.

Ruf. Seignor, you have ſo work't upon me with your generoſity, that I here make a ſolemn proteſtation to become another Man.

Ber. 'Twill be the better for you. (*Exit Ruffian bowing.*) Come to my Arms, my much lov'd *Frederick*. You have preſerv'd me. who is that with you, *Anthony*?

2. *Ant.* What, my ſervice was taken no notice of. I am ſure you had not been alive but for me. My Arm akes plaguely with hacking and hewing your enemies.

Fred. Yes, you make vaſt havock always, when you are half a mile from the Battel.

2. *Ant.* I have ever your good word. O my Arm!

Ber. Don't your Leggs ake too, *Anthony*?

2. *Ant.* Nay my Leggs are maul'd too, that's the truth on't, by thruſting in among you.

Ber. But I mean by the Fetters I found you in but now.

2. *Ant.* Fetters, Sir!

Ber. How the Devil came he in the Stocks to night, *Frederick*?

Fred. In the Stocks, you amaze me.

2. *Ant.* I in the Stocks! ſure the Danger you have been in has diſtracted you, Sir.

Ber. Sure

Ber. Sure you are both in a Conſpiracy to banter me.

Fred. Can you be ſerious, *Bernardo*? prethee no more of this.

Ber. Nay, by St. *Jago* I ſaw him there, fix'd to the Stocks like any Vagabond within this half hour.

Fred. Meer Banter. We are but newly come from the Lodging to ſeek you.

Ber. Why then I have ſeen the Devil to night, that's all. 'Twas one ſo like him in Voice, Perſon, and Raillery after his way, that I am amaz'd to hear you thus deny 'twas He.

Fred. Sure the Devil doth walk to night, for ſince I came out I have met with much ſuch another accident, which you ſhall hear anon. But prethee what elſe has thy curioſity diſcover'd?

Ber. This night has been laviſh of her Adventures, I'll aſſure you, For beſides this Myſtery of *Anthony*, I have reſcu'd a man from Villains, who, I have reaſon to believe was Don *Philip de Monaſco*, and he has appointed to meet me this morning near the Great Church. Some other things I have met with too, but they are ſecrets.

Fred. Well, Sir, I have a ſecret for your ſecret. This night has indeed been laviſh of her Adventures.

Ber. Keep it cloſe, Don *Frederick*.

Fred. That you may depend on.
Nothing can Wreſt it from me, but the obligation of being truſted with yours firſt.

Ber. O Devil, are you thereabouts? but this inſinuation will n'er prevail to extort a ſecret, that I am injoyn'd to keep particularly from thee.

Fred. Ha! that I muſt own, whetts my curioſity. Prithee, Don *Bernardo*, come, you ſhall have a ſecret for your ſecret. In good faith, I have one in my keeping.

Ber. That you are impatient to get rid of, I thank you, Sir. no, no, hold there. I can be truſted with a ſecret even among the Women. I have not the vanity of moſt young Fellows of the Town, who think the Pleaſure of Telling the principal part of their Happineſs with Ladys.

Fred. Then 'tis with a Lady, it ſeems.

Ber. Nay that doth not directly follow: But, faith, to be ingenuous with you, there is a Lady in the Caſe.

Fred. Then there are two Ladys in the caſe, Boy. And One of ſuch a matchleſs form, ſo Graceful, ſo ſurprizing Fair, ſo infinitely Charming, that as ſhe can have no equal upon Earth, ſo ſhe is above all Human Deſcription.

Ber. Ha! Where is this Goddeſs to be ſeen? wilt thou not tell me, *Frederick*? ſhan't your dear friend have a ſight of her?

Fred.

Fred. Oh, I knew I ſhould be even with you. A Sight of her! You muſt excuſe me, Sir. Goddeſſes are inviſible to Mortal Eyes.

Ber. Well, I ſee when once a Man has indulg'd the Humour of bantering, 'tis as hard for him to leave it, as 'tis for a Poet to ceaſe Writing, when he has once begun.

Fred. Or as 'tis for you to avoid wiſhing to go to Bed to every Deſcription of a fine Woman that you hear.

Ber. Well, you have ſurpriz'd me. But prithee, put me in Mind, as we Walk, and I'll diſcloſe ſomething to you that was a Secret, but is no longer worthy to be ſo.

Fred. I knew he could not hold.
Come on then, let us Walk.

Ber. Firſt give me leave, *Frederick*, for my Satisfaction, to order your Man *Anthony* to place himſelf near thoſe Lodgings, to bring me Word if any Man comes out, when it grows Lighter.

Fred. Heyday, what's to do now!

Ber. You ſhall know as we Walk.

Fred. This is ſome Jealouſy about a Wench, I'll lay my Life.

Ber. She's a handſome one at leaſt then, and you know *Venus* is predominant over me.

Fred. Yes, yes. 'Tis a Superſtition much in faſhion with young Fellows. You will be wiſer, Don *Bernardo*.

Ber. You ſhall know preſently that I have begun at leaſt already, by throwing off this Woman, near whoſe Lodgings your Man is to watch. And the Wiſe ſay, That a Good Beginning is half a Cure. But come, let us walk homewards. *Anthony*, be ſure you place your ſelf ſomewhere about that Door, that you may diſcover who comes out this Morning, and bring an exact account home to us.

2. *Ant.* I ſhall do my beſt, Sir, to ſatisfy you.

Ber. Now, let us walk.

Fred. Come on, my truſty Adventurer. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. Scene I. *The Street near* Eleonora's.

Don Frederick's *Man.*

2. *Ant.* WAS there ever ſuch a Cormorant at Whoring as this Don *Bernardo?* no Place, no Time, nor no Woman almoſt can be free from his Perſecutions. A Pox of theſe Night-doings, and what elſe can be the end of them! Hark, the Door opens.

Don Sebaſtian *muffled in his Cloak comes out.* Eleonora *in her Night-gown.*

El. Well, and muſt *Nelly* part with her dear Don then?

Seb. 'Tis for your Service I go ſo ſoon, my Dear.

2. *Ant.* For your own rather.

El. You might have ſtay'd with me all day, my Love, for once.

2. *Ant.* How unreaſonable a Creature is Woman!

El. And tho' I have ever been nicely careful of my Reputation, yet for your Company I could venture all things.

2 *Ant.* A very civil Perſon!

Seb. Thou know'ſt, my *Eleonora*, there is no Ingratitude on my ſide. Thou know'ſt the Promiſes I have made thee, and may'ſt rely on the Performance of them. Nor ſhould I now want Intreaties to ſtay with thee, but that I have a Gueſt at home, whoſe Goodneſs, tho' a Friend, I muſt not treſpaſs on too far. Beſides, to leave him any longer would not only ſeem like forgetfulneſs, but ill manners.

El. I hope the Ruffians too have remembred him before this time. [*aſide.*

Seb. Madam, good morrow. We may be ſeen, if I ſtay longer.

El. Well, if you muſt go, Don *Sebaſtian.* [*In a ſoft Voice.*

2 *Ant.* Don *Sebaſtian*, good!

El. You are unkind not to underſtand me.

Seb. What doſt thou mean, Child?

El. Pſha, you can't tell a Woman's meaning, I warrant you.

2 *Ant.* What can ſhe drive at?

Seb. You keep me in the Dark, my Dear.

El. I ſwear I could chide you, you are ſo dull. [*Kiſſes him.*

Seb. My Angel, thou ſhalt have twenty of them preſently. [*Kiſſes her.*

2 *Ant.* A Pox on them, how they make my Chops Water!

El. Nay now you take my Breath away.

Seb. Good morrow to my Joy. [*Is going.*

El. Adieu.

But ſtay, I had forgot one thing.

When will you come and ſee poor *Nelly* again? [*In a ſoft tone.*

Seb. You'l ſend me your Commands.

El. Well, adieu. [*Runs in.*

Don Sebaſtian *goes croſs the* Stage *muffled, and meets* Anthony *paſſing.*

Seb. There goes *Anthony* Don *Philip*'s Man, but I muſt not diſcover my ſelf to him. [*Exit.*

2 *Ant.* Don *Sebaſtian*, your Servant. Now will I go home and diſcloſe what I have ſeen to Don *Bernardo*. Let me ſee, their names are

are *Eleonora* and *Sebaſtian*, and the Scene between them at parting will make *Bernardo* curſedly jealous, I know. Well, he ſhall have it all, that's certain; who knows but it may cure him of his frenzy? Eſpecially when 'tis improv'd with ſome of my heightning Colours. *Et bien, allez Monſieur Antoine.* [*Exit* Anthony.

SCENE Eleonora's *Lodgings.*

Enter Eleonora *and* Dorila.

Dor. Won't you go and lye down, Madam? you muſt needs want reſt, for 'twas morning when Don *Sebaſtian* came.

El. No, no. I have other things to mind, before I can take any true reſt. Wee'l Sleep hereafter, *Dorila*, when we have brought our Deſigns about.

Dor. How ſtand affairs with him? doth he hold kind?

El. In all appearance he doth. The ſame indearments paſs'd between us as uſual, and when he parted, he gave me more aſſurances of his Reſolution to marry me. But ſtill to be in expectation only is not to be ſo eaſie as I could wiſh: I hope *Bernardo* got off ſafe, for if the Men I hir'd to diſpatch *Philip* ſhould have miſtaken him in the Dark for the other, there's a part of my Deſign confounded.

Dor. Or grant he be come off, your denying to admit him at ſuch a dangerous time may provoke him to think no more of you.

El. 'Twas very unlucky that he ſhould call again before you had acquainted me with the buſineſs of the Ring. But ſince ſuch an Accident has happen'd, I confeſs I don't diſapprove of the Stratagem you devis'd to get him away. Well, *Dorila*, you ſhall be no Loſer by the Ring.

Dor. I thank you, Madam. We never want invention at a Shift, you know. But how will you do to excuſe your ſelf to him?

El. I'll go and write to him this minute, and endeavour that way to make him forget the uſage of laſt Night, and if I can but inſinuate my ſelf into his forgiveneſs, and find him ſo much a Lover as I think him, who knows what it may end in?

Dor. Articles of Matrimony perchance, if you hold the Fort out well.

El. I warrant thee, girl. 'Tis not all the Artillery of his Arguments, that can perſwade me to another ſurrender without honourable Terms. I was always averſe to this way of Living, and am now reſolv'd to take up with the firſt likely Husband I can get, with *Sebaſtian*, or *Bernardo*, or any Body elſe, I am indifferent who 'tis, ſo 'tis a Husband. But come, I'll go and Write. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Don* Frederick's *Lodgings. A Bed-chamber.*

Frederick, *and* Cornelia *in Man's Cloaths.*

Fred. I had not presum'd to disturb you, Madam, but that I heard you were stirring. This *Philip*, whom you ought to forget, won't let you Sleep, I find.

Corn. You rally me, Sir, perhaps justly enough. But alas! when 'tis our Fate, we can no more help Loving, than we can Dying.

Fred. Ay, but when a Man abuses Love, and counterfeits a Passion to delude a Woman, methinks the force of Reason should make her despise him after the Discovery of the Cheat.

Corn. You argue very well, Sir, and according to reason: But don't you know that Love and Reason are inconsistent?

But, Sir, is there any News of him in *Valencia*? your obliging promise makes me hope you have made some enquiry after him.

Fred. Madam, I have: and can inform you that I hope to find him in this Town.

Corn. Where, Where? O tell me quickly, that I may fly to see him.

Fred. Amazement! That so ungrateful a Wretch should be lov'd by so beautiful a Creature, whom he has abus'd beyond all patience! *Aside.*

Corn. Don *Frederick*, my Friend, for I dare call you so. Where is this Rambler to be found?

Fred. Madam, you honour me very much, but I had rather be thought to deserve another Name.

Corn. What other Name? are not you call'd Don *Frederick*? Or is Friend too little for you? I thought it comprehended the utmost Esteem.

Fred. Esteem alone's a trifle, Madam, to that which I would merit. 'Tis your Love, fair Excellence, that I aspire to raise. You have so wounded me with your restless Beauty, that nothing but the Possession of those Charms that made the mischief, can effect the Cure.

Corn. Sir, I took you to be more generous than to triumph over a distress'd Maid.

Fred. By all that's sacred I am sincere. Don *Philip* may abuse you, but not *Frederick*. I have a Heart unpractis'd in Deceit: A Heart that ne'er was tortur'd with the pangs of Love, till now.

Corn. I do confess I thought you very honest.

Fred. I thank my Stars I can boast of it. O do not refuse so passionate, and yet so true a Lover.

Corn.

Corn. I do intreat you, Sir, forbear. You know I am engag'd to one I love.

Fred. But to one you ought to loath. A Man that has ſcorn'd and abus'd you.

Corn. And yet I love him, *Frederick.*

Fred. The more's the Pity. What can you propoſe by following ſuch a treacherous Fellow?

Corn. To reclaim him, or to be reveng'd.

Fred. The firſt you'l find impracticable. 'Tis like beſieging a very ſtrong Town with a ſmall Force. You will but expoſe your ſelf to Contempt and Ruine.

Corn. Why then I'll be reveng'd.

Fred. That you may by indulging my Suit. Come, let it not be ſaid that the heavenly *Cornelia* was inexorable. Give me but Hopes, and you let me in the way to Paradiſe.

Corn. Revenge is ſo ſweet, that upon Condition you let me ſee *Philip*, and he denies to own me for his Wife, I could almoſt be perſwaded to believe you.

Fred. I accept the Condition with as much Tranſport of Bliſs, as e're Condemn'd Criminal receiv'd his pardon. Now will I go and ſearch my Doom. Life or Death depends on a few hours. But, Madam, I muſt intreat you to conſent that I may acquaint your Brother with your Circumſtance, that we may be the Stronger for the Execution of our Deſign.

Corn. I reſign my ſelf to your Conduct.

Fred. I'll wait on you again, when I have prepar'd Don *Bernardo*.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *Changes to another Room.*

Enter Don Bernardo.

Ber. (Looking upon a Ring.)

If I can truſt my Eyes, the more I look the more I am amaz'd. This very Ring, or my Sight is not my own, I gave my Siſter *Cornelia*, when I departed laſt from *Alcantara*. That it ſhould be found in *Valencia* gives me Wonder, but that it ſhould be ſent me from Donna *Eleonora* puts me into Confuſion. Well, things have been ſtrangely carried to night in *Valencia*.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Seignor, a Young Gentleman without deſires to be admitted.

Ber.

Ber. Admit him. This Ring won't out of my Head. When I conſider the Accident by which I obtain'd it, and the ſucceeding one, wherein the ſame *Eleonora* that ſent it, ſeem'd to know nothing of the matter, I muſt own I can't but fancy 'tis all a Dream.

Enter Donna Olivia *in Man's Cloaths.*

Ol. Am I not bold, Sir, to venture within the Roof where an angry Brother might be found, that would kill me if he knew me.

Ber. You are both ſafe and welcome here.

[*Runs to the Door and ſhuts it faſt.*

I have faſten'd the Door, leſt Don *Frederick* ſhould chance to fall in.

Ol. Well, Sir, have you heard any thing of Don *Philip*, ſince I ſaw you?

Ber. O, I find I am oblig'd to your Impatience to hear of Him for this Viſit.

Ol. Good Sir, Torture me not with Suſpence: If you have not, I am come to claim your Promiſe to aſſiſt me in ſearching after him.

Ber. Sure there is Inchantment in Love, that it can make People thus eager to purſue their Ruine!

Ol. Alas! your Reflections are now out of Seaſon. I beſeech you anſwer me to the purpoſe.

Ber. I am deceiv'd, or I ſav'd his Life laſt Night, when he was encounter'd by Ruffians.

Ol. A thouſand Bleſſings attend you for it. But are you ſure 'twas he.

Ber. By ſeveral Circumſtances I am almoſt aſſur'd. But this Morning at Ten I am to meet the Man I reſcu'd. He would not give me his Name, but deſir'd me to exchange Swords with him, that he might know me again by that. Here's that I had of him.

Ol. (*Viewing it.*)
O, 'tis he. 'Tis Don *Philip*. 'Tis the very Sword I have ſeen him wear. I know it from a thouſand.

Ber. Well, ſince 'tis ſo, if you pleaſe, we'll go together to the Great Church, where I have appointed to meet him.

Ol. With all my Heart. O lucky Diſcovery!

Ber. But one thing will be neceſſary firſt. 'Tis fit Don *Frederick* ſhould be acquainted with your affairs.

Ol. Be it as you pleaſe. I truſt to you.

Ber. In the mean time pray uſe my Apartment. You'l ſee no Body to diſturb you. [*Exit* Bernardo.

Olivia

Olivia *alone.*

Ol. Thanks, Fortune, that this Dear, falſe Man is found.
Oh, how I long to chide him for his Abſence!
Sure when he ſees me thus diſguis'd, thus bold
In my purſuit of him, he will recant
His Sex's Levity, and fix his Soul
On me, on virtuous Love, and mutual Vows.

2 Anthony *comes in, and would go through to another Room.*

Ha! either my Eyes deceive me, or there's his Servant *Anthony.* Hold, Friend, be not in ſuch haſt. Where's thy Maſter?

2 *Ant.* Seignor, I want to find him. [Cornelia *comes in behind from another Room.*

Ol. What, did you expect to find him in this Houſe.

2 *Ant.* 'Tis moſt likely to find him at home, for He's no Gadder abroad. I'll aſſure you.

Ol. What, doth Don *Philip* then lie in this Houſe?

2 *Ant.* No, Sir, who ſaid he did?

Ol. Why, didſt not thou this moment?

2 *Ant.* Not I, by St. *Jago.*

Ol. Prithee leave off thy old fooling.

2 *Ant.* It ſeems you know me then.

Ol. Alas! but too well.

2 *Ant.* Truly, Sir, I have not the good Fortune to remember you.

Ol. That may very well be. But prithee tell me, how long has Don *Philip* lodg'd here?

2 *Ant.* Why, Sir, he doth not lodge here; nor ever did, that I know of; and more than that, Sir, I know no ſuch Perſon. Now, Sir I muſt beg your leave to go through to that Apartment, to ſee if my Maſter be there, that I may diſcharge my Errand. [Ant. *goes in.*

Ol. What's the meaning of this?

Corn. You ſeem, Sir, to have been mov'd to ſome Surprize about that Fellow. Pray, Who do you take him for?

Ol. Have I not Reaſon, Sir, if I'm alive 'tis he.

Corn. Pray, who?

Ol. Why Don *Philip de Monaſco*'s Man.

Corn. Do you know that Don *Philip*, Sir?

Ol. I have ſome Cauſe, Sir.

Corn. Then you know a Villain.

Ol. You ſhock me, Sir; for he's my Friend, and I muſt not hear him wrong'd.

Corn. How

Corn. How long has he been your Friend ?

Ol. A great while. He is my Boſom-Friend.

Corn. Thoſe Boſom-Friends prove often our worſt Foes.

Ol. But I have try'd him.

Corn. He may deceive you ſtill. If you were a Woman, he wou'd certainly.

Ol. Ha ! Sure he doth not know me. [*aſide.*] Why do you think ſo?

Corn. Becauſe he is a Man.

Ol. Your Satyr's too extenſive. We are not all falſe.

Corn. I fear all.

Ol. You have accus'd your ſelf.

Corn. No, I accus'd the Men.

Ol. Are not you one ?

Corn. Yes, yes, Sir ; but I meant ſuch Men as Don *Philip.* Alas ! I had like to have diſcover'd my ſelf. [*aſide.* Sir, I beg you would excuſe me. I am a little thoughtful, and know not what I ſay. If you lodge here, I ſhall be glad of your Acquaintance.

Ol. I do but viſit here, Sir. But if you have any Juſtice to demand of *Philip*, I'll let him know it.

Corn. The World ſhall know it ſoon. This Morning I expect my ſelf to ſee him.

Ol. Pray how long has he he been in *Valencia?*

Corn. That I know not ; but that he is here, I have had ſome Information. Good morrow, Sir. [*Goes in.*

Ol. Who can this be ? He ſeems to have ſome Reſentment againſt Don *Philip*, therefore it muſt be my Care to prevent its burſting out into a Flame. I'll enquire about him.

Strange Pow'r of Love, that makes us court ev'n Pain,
To flie true Paſſion, and purſue Diſdain. [Scene ſhuts her in.

Another Room.

Enter Don Frederick *with a Letter.*

Fred. For Don *Bernardio.* 'Tis a Woman's Hand by the over-ſpelling.

Enter Don Bernardo.

Sure no Jeſuit ever confeſs'd more Women, than thou haſt brought to the Altar of *Venus*. See here [*Gives him the Letter.*

Ber. opens and reads it.] Oh 'tis from *Eleonora.* She would excuſe her Behaviour to me laſt Night. But I deſpiſe her now as much as e're I lov'd her. I hope her Barbarity will make me forget the whole Sex.

Fred. A wholſom Reſolution, if you could keep it. I ſuppoſe I may read the Letter.

Ber. Yes

Ber. Yes, and visit the Lady if you please.
Fred. Nay then you are indifferent indeed. [*Reads.*

I Am sorry my Circumstances with my Aunt oblig'd me to use you as I did last Night, but my Well-being so depends upon her Opinion of me, that I am sometimes forc'd to do things against my inclination. I hope this will find you safe, and enjoying the same good Humour, that has so often engag'd my Thoughts in your behalf. Assure your self I am impatient to hear of your Welfare, and should not be displeas'd to see you come in the Afternoon, not so much to give me a Relation of the Affair of the Ring, as to convince me that you are well, and inclin'd to forgive the seeming fault of

Eleonora.

Fred. A Jilt! with what a face she carrys it on! Well, you'l Visit her in the Afternoon, I suppose.

Ber. No, *Frederick*, but you shall in my Room, if you think good. For my part, her usage last night has so provok'd me, that I have not so much as Indifference left for her. Besides, this fawning trick of a Letter perswades me that she's a Jilt.

Fred. I am glad you are of my mind. That she is so, I'll venture the reversion of my Father's Estate. What, don't I know their subtle, coy, dissembling, fond, alluring, false Designs? *Proteus* himself had fewer Shapes, than one of these jilting Whores. They are like *Aristotle's* first matter, capable of any Form.

Ber. Let her be what she will, I'll send her an answer, but it shall be an honester Letter: For I'll tell her in plain Terms 'tis my Inclination to forget her.

2 Anthony *comes in.*

But hold, here's *Anthony* return'd, whom we left upon the Watch.

Fred. Well, Sir, what has your Curiosity discover'd?

2 *Ant.* No miracle, Seignor, for I have seen a Fornicator come out of a Whore's Lodgings.

Fred. Have a care whom you asperse, Sirra.

2 *Ant.* I hope I may trust my sight; but if that alone won't do, I have another sense to back it. I heard as well as saw.

Fred. Well, what was it you heard?

2 *Ant.* I heard one *Eleonora* take her leave of one *Sebastian.*

Ber. Sebastian! Are you sure 'twas such a Name?

2 *Ant.* I think I am not deaf. And when he was going, she came out with him, and there was such Ceremony at parting, such Unwillingness to let him go, so many soft things, such Kissing and such Dy-

ing on her ſide, and ſuch a cold Civility and Backwardneſs to underſtand her on his, that for my part———

Ber. You wondred he could leave the Banquet ſo ſoon, and wiſh'd your ſelf in his Place.

2 *Ant.* What, when the Soup was pall'd, and had loſt its Guſto. No, I thank you.

Ber. Why could not you have had prtience till it had been cook'd up again?

2 *Ant.* 'Tis ſomewhat a *la Francoiſe* indeed. But truly I have more Nicety. 'Tis not *a mon gout.*

Fred. Enough, enough; leave us. [*Exit* Ant.] What, think you now, my *Amoriſt?*

Ber. That Women are no more to be beleiv'd than Courtiers. They differ only in this, Women deceive us by Nature, Courtiers by Art.

Fred. Nay, this impoſition doth not want Art, I'll aſſure you.

Ber. Ay, but I mean Women's Inclinations to deceive us are born with them Are they not continually forging Plots to make ſome Traffick or other of us? Sure they are our evil Genius's, for there is ſcarce a falſe Path in Life that we are not led into by their fooliſh Conduct. And yet we follow on, as if they were the Leading-ſtrings of Fate, and we were doom'd in this World to the puniſhment of being miguiſed by the weaker Sex.

Fred. Nay, now you are unreaſonably ſevere, but 'tis too much an Extremity to laſt long. This is only the hot Fit of the Ague.

Ber. But you know the Cold one ſucceeds it, and that is ſtill a greater Mark of Contempt.

Fred. 'Tis granted. But for my part, I can't commend Extreams in any thing. And yet I am grown ſince laſt Night, wilt thou beleive it, my Friend? A moſt paſſionate Lover.

Ber. Prithee know thy ſelf a little better.

Fred. All other knowledge but that of the unparalell'd *Cornelia*, is like the Compariſon of the Stars with the Sun.

Ber. You amaze me, what *Cornelia* do you mean!

Fred. Don *Bernardo*, prepare your ſelf for ſomething that will ſurprize you.

Ber. Speak out. I am ready.

Fred. Should you not wonder to find your Siſter in this Place?

Ber. Very much, Sir. Pray, what mean you?

Fred. Diſguis'd too in Man's Cloaths, I ſaw her.

Ber. Are you diſtracted, *Frederick?*

Fred. No, Don *Bernardo*, unleſs it be with Joy. I have hopes, my Friend it Don *Philip* prove but falſe.

Ber. Don *Philip* too! What is all this?

Fred. I knew you would be ſurpriz'd. But pray compoſe your ſelf, and I'll diſcloſe a Secret, which 'tis convenient you ſhould know.

Ber.

Ber. Speak it aloud, if it concern my Honour.

Fred. It doth indeed. And to let you know it in a Word, Don *Philip*, whom you ſo lately reſcu'd, once made pretenſions to your Siſter, but they were ſuch as Virtue could not hear, and yet ſhe lov'd him.

Ber. That is, ſhe had a Mind to be undone, but a little of her Sex's Pride ſav'd her.

Fred. You ſhall hear. He ſoon perceiv'd her ſeeming Weakneſs, and laid his Batteries againſt that part, but bravely ſhe repuls'd him. In ſhort they both engag'd again, till having made Trial of each others Force, they drew off and parted. Some Articles, it ſeems, had been agreed to on both ſides, but he refuſing to perform his part, your Siſter grew incens'd, and in diſguiſe purſu'd him to this Place.

Ber. You would imply they were contracted, and after he refus'd to marry her, but ſought only to abuſe her.

Fred. You have it. Yet ſhe loves him.

Ber. Baſe Villain! but you ſhall do her Juſtice, you ſhall, or by Heav'n I'll root out your perfidious Tongue. Now Ring, your Myſtery is out. An unlick'd Brute, to throw away a Lady's Favour, which any one elſe would have eſteem'd invaluable. [*Aſide.*

But hold. Don *Frederick*, you gave me Caution to be prep ar'd to hear what has indeed aſtoniſh'd me.

Fred. I beleive ſo.

Ber. Now do you guard your ſelf againſt a worſe Event

Fred. Ha! ſpeak out.

Ber. Are you prepar'd againſt ſurprize?

Fred. Speak. *I* defy ſurprize.

Ber. Why then the ſame perfidious Dog has whor'd thy Siſter, and forſaken her.

Fred. Have a care, *I* charge thee. My Siſter, and a Whore by the ſame Don *Philip*. Sure you want ſleep, *Bernardo*.

Ber. I wonder not at your Amazement, but ſo it is.

Fred. 'Tis a rank Falſhood. *Bernardo*, you have ſuggeſted this to abuſe me. Now by the untainted Honour of our Houſe, *Olivia* muſt be honeſt. [*Lays hold of his Sword.*

Ber. The Contradiction was unmannerly. But Thou art Angry, and *I* conſider Raſhneſs is the Birth of Anger, or by the King of *Spain I* would not bear it.

Fred. *I* do confeſs my Fault, and ask your Pardon. But, prithee tell me, What doſt thou mean about *Olivia*?

Ber. That *I* have met with her to Night in *Valencia*, and have heard her Story, which acquainted me with his villanous Deſertion after he had obtain'd her.

Fred. If this be ſo, by all that's Great and Pow'rful, this Day's his Laſt, if he refuſe to Wed her.

Ber. Nay there *I* am for you. But hold, let me ſee! How ſhall *I* do Juſtice then for *Cornelia*?

Fred. 'Tis true; *Cornelia* muſt be righted, tho' *Olivia* ſuffer.

Ber. Not ſo neither. Let Juſtice have its Courſe. It ſeems, you know her Story.

Fred. *I* do, which you ſhall have anon.

Ber. Which done, we'll refer all to *Philip* at the time of Appointment this Morning; and if he refuſe to marry Her whom it ſhall appear he has moſt wrong'd, he muſt have ſpeedy Punithment.

Fred. Agreed; and tho' *I* love your Siſter moſt paſſionately, if ſhe appears moſt wrong'd, I'll force him to receive her for his Wife, or Die in the Attempt.

Ber. 'Tis generouſly reſolv'd. Tho' for your ſake *I* wiſh it on *Olivia*'s ſide, that we may be more than Friends, Brothers.

Fred. If Providence ſo orders it, *I* ſhall be ſupreamly bleſs'd on Earth. Such a Wife and ſuch a Brother would ſet me above a Throne.

Ber. We muſt leave all to Fate. But come, *I*'ll go write to this barbarous *Eleonora*, and then for our meeting with Don *Philip* at the Church.

Fred. With all my Heart.

Now, Love, if for a God thou woud'ſt be known,
And art determin'd to ſupport thy Throne:
Diſplay thy Pow'r, and vindicate thy Fame,
Reward true Love, Revenge thy injur'd Name. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. Scene I. *The Street.*

Enter Don Sebaſtian *and Don* Philip *with a Servant.*

Phil. ARe you ſure you ſaw him ſo early, and alone?

Seb. 'Twas he, or my Eyes deceiv'd me much. But *I* am amaz'd to hear how you loſt him; ſure he is diſtracted.

Phil. Hang him, to deny me to my Face, and to follow another Maſter without any cauſe of Diſguſt——— *I* know not what to think.

Seb. 'Tis a Riddle indeed beyond my Ability to ſolve.

Phil. And beneath your Care. 'Tis but a Fool loſt.

Seb. *I* wonder who 'twas came to your aſſiſtance laſt Night.

Phil. 'Twas then too dark to diſtinguiſh him, but I promis'd to meet him at Ten this Morning near the Great Church. Let me ſee. [*Looks upon his Watch.*] 'Tis within half an hour on't.

Seb. I believe it may.

Dorila

Dorila *croſſes the Stage in haſt, and drops a Letter.*

Ha! What's that ſhe has dropt? [*Runs and takes it up.*] Methought 'twas *Dorila*, that went into her Miſtreſs's. For Donna *Eleonora*. Unſeal'd too, then 'twill be no ill Manners to open it. [*Opens it.*] Now who art thou from? *Bernardo.* 'Tis from a Man it ſeems. Let me ſee. [*Walks about and Reads to himſelf.*

Phil. Nay, nay, you'l let me ſhare in the Accident, I hope.

Seb. I begg you would excuſe me. It happens to be a Secret wherein *I* am more than ordinarily concern'd.

Phil. Then *I* am no longer curious. [*Walks from him.*

Sebaſtian *Reads as to himſelf in a low Voice.*

WHat Satisfaction ſoever you could take in not ſhelt'ring me laſt Night from almoſt inevitable Deſtruction: Yet know, Cruel Woman, that I have eſcap'd, nay doubly eſcap'd both from the Villains you your ſelf employ'd for Murder, and from the Snares of a Deſigning and perfidious Fili. Neither am I ignorant who it was that hindred my admittance: and to give you a juſt Correction for your Treachery, I ſhall find a Way to let Don Sebaſtian *know how falſe you are to him. Alas! Your invitations have now loſt their Force. I deſpiſe you and your Letters. Your trifling Preſent too, which is not worth returning. And to finiſh your mortification, know, that the Inclinations I had for you are turn'd into Revenge,*

Bernardo.

Seb. Now I have a very fair occaſion to get rid of an old Miſtreſs, that I have long ſuſpected to play me falſe. This Letter is convincing. The Obligation I was under of my promiſe to marry her, join'd with the Charms I ſtill found in her, kept me to my uſual Complaiſance, and Heaven knows how far two ſuch pow'rful Advocates as Honour and Beauty might have prevail'd but for this fortunate Accident. Marry her! Forbid it all ye Powers. Now by St. *Jago*, I'd ſooner Wed Infection. Hateful *Eleonora!* I'll go to her this Moment, and declare my Reſolution

[*All this in a low Voice to avoid being heard by* Philip.]

My dear Friend, I begg your Excuſe. I have found ſomwhat of much Import to me, that requires my immediate abſence for a few Moments. I'll meet you near the Church forthwith; do you wait upon Don *Philip*. [*Exit* Seb.

Phil. Some Amour of his at bottom, I'll lay my Life. This Love is as infectious as the Plague, and diffuſes it ſelf as haſtily, but is not quite ſo mortal, Heav'n be prais'd. Whatever Darts and Flames ſome People find in it, I thank my Stars I am yet Heart-whole

I an

Languiſhing and Dying for a Woman's Toy is ſuch a Jeſt with all my Heart. Sir, pray ſing the Song I ſo much admire.

SONG.

1.

Beauty is not what I pray,
I ask no ſhining Graces;
Celia *has another way,*
Without the Tricks of Faces.
So our Humours ſtill agree,
Kind Heav'n, it is enough for me.

2.

Mere Fruition is a Joy
But of a Moment's laſting:
Fruit, that doth ſo quickly Cloy,
It ſurfeits but with Taſting.
No true Bliſs in Love we find,
Unleſs two Bodies ſhare one Mind.

Here's ſomething for your Trouble. Now towards the Church.

[*Exeunt.*

Eleonora's *Lodgings.* *Don* Sebaſtian *and* Dorila.

Seb. Dorila, where's your Miſtreſs?

Dor. She's in her Chamber, Seignor.

Seb. Let her know I am here.

Dor. I ſhall, Sir, and ſhe'll be o'erjoy'd to ſee you here again ſo ſoon.

I don't like this ſudden return tho'. I wiſh it doth not preſage ſome extraordinary event. [*Exit.*

Seb. Her Joy will be ſoon abated, when ſhe ſees me depart again ſo ſoon, at leaſt upon ſuch an Occaſion. Now muſt I reſolve to be Flint, or ſhe with her damn'd, alluring, female Wiles will melt me to forgiveneſs. But——— I have thought on a Way to countermine her.

Enter Eleonora *and* Dorila.

El. O my Dear *Sebaſtian.* [*Running to embrace him.*

This is unexpectedly kind to return ſo ſoon. Beleive me, I am ſo full of Joy, I want Words to expreſs it.

Seb.

Seb. Avaunt, thou fawning Strumpet. Thou Spirit of Deluſion. See here this Letter. Have I not foſter'd thee in my Boſom moſt tenderly, and Thou, like an ungrateful Viper, haſt ſet thy Teeth againſt thy Preſerver?

El. You are ſoon offended, Seignor, at nothing. 'Tis true, I did receive this Letter. But pray, Sir, how am I to blame if Men will be ſo impertinent as to write to me. Beſides, you ſee he confeſſes that I us'd him ill.

Seb. Yes, you have your Arts to ſhew your ſeeming Frowns ſometimes, to provoke Men to ſtudy how to reconcile you. This is your Sex's Method to draw us on to our Ruine. Go, you are perfidious, and remember 'twas your own inconſtancy not mine, that caus'd our Separation.

El. Shall it then be ſaid that Don *Sebaſtian* did but ſeem to be a Man of Honour, and good Nature, not eaſily poſſeſs'd with Fancies, ſlow of Belief, a Lover of his Friend, ſoon provok'd, but ſoon returning to himſelf? you ſee, this is the trick of a malicious Fellow to ruine me. For that's the Conſequence, when my *Sebaſtian* thinks me falſe. [*Crying.*

Seb. So. This I expected.

Madam, You need not be ſo much concern'd. The World is wide enough, and Fools are plenty. [*Is going.*

El. What, will you go without hearing me? The vileſt Criminal is allow'd his Defence. I am not guilty, do but hear me.

Seb. No, that's playing at hazard. Why ſhould I attempt to throw again, when I have nick'd you already? Farewel.

El. and *Dorila hold him.*] Do but hear us, let us both intreat you.

Seb. You are both as falſe as Hell. [*Struggling gets away.* So. Farewel. I'll never ſee you more. [*Exit* Seb.

El. (*walks about in a paſſionate manner*)

Devil, you are the cauſe of all this. Now may I go and hang my ſelf.

Dor. I am as much concern'd, Madam, as 'tis poſſible. You can't believe I dropt the Letter on purpoſe.

El. How do I know but you did! I believe you and *Bernardo* are in a Conſpiracy to undo me.

Dor. You reward me liberally for all my Services. I thought I had given you ſufficient Proofs of my Fidelity.

El. How couldſt thou drop that Letter ſo unhappily? Or what had you to do to meddle with it?

Dor. I thought I had taken more than ordinary Care of it; for I put it into my Boſom when I went to make Enquiry after the Ruffians, and how I dropt it by the way, or where, I can't imagine.

El. A greater Misfortune ſure could not have happen'd to me: For now my Expectations are all croſs'd, my ſpringing Hopes are blaſted in the Bud, and nought remains but wither'd Diſappointment, and a fruitleſs Waſt of Deſpair.

Dor. Have Patience, Madam, they have but ſerv'd you like Men, which may be a Warning to you hereafter not to truſt any of the Sex.

El. Truſted! No; they ſhall be deſpis'd by me for ever. Certainly there is not in the Creation ſo vile a Monſter as Man, and yet we Women are ſuch Fools to liken him to an Angel.

Dor. That's before we know him. As ſoon as Curioſity has brought us acquainted with him, we ſee the Devil lurking under that Angel's Form.

El. O that *I* could recover my ſtoln Honour, and thoſe Golden days of innocence which I enjoy'd, but knew not how to prize, before I liſtèn'd to falſe Man. Curſe upon the Sex,-they are all diſſembling Villains, Curſe on my Ears for hearkning to their Arguments, and doubly curs'd be my Credulity for truſting them beyond the bounds of Vertue. [*Walks about in a Rage.*

Dor. Reſtrain your paſſion, Madam.

El. Yes, I will, you ſhall ſee I will.

Truſt them no more, forget them, there lies your happineſs. Ha! But how forget them to be happy. I have it. I thank you, friendly Powers, that have ſo ſoon ſpread forth your Providence. I'll turn Nun, and ſpend the remainder of my Days in penitence for my paſt Offences.

Dor. Are you in your Wits? good *Venus*, how you talk?

El. Somewhat diſagreeably to your Taſt, it ſeems. But, know, I am determin'd, and moſt fortunately this very Day is the great Feſtival of St. *Jago*, a proper Day to enter into my year of Probation.

Dor. Why then you are another *Magdalen*. But truly if I might adviſe you, you are now in the Flower of your Age, and may propoſe to ſpend many a happy Year in the enjoyment of the World: Why ſhould you ſeek Death, when Life is yet ſo well worth preſerving?

El. Thou art deceiv'd in Life. What is it but a Succeſſion of Troubles? A meer Quotidian Ague, which by the conſtant ſupply of Hopes and Fears, knows little intermiſſion as long as Nature laſts.

Dor. Uſe your Pleaſure, Madam. I thank my Stars, I am not yet weary of the World.

El. However, let us retire together, that I may take my laſt leave of you, when I am prepar'd for my Heavenly Journey.

Dor. I'll

Dor. I'll wait on you, Madam, to the Threſhold of Death, but you muſt excuſe me from going over it.

El. I wiſh your happineſs, but can't compell it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Street, near the great Church.*

Enter Conſtable and Watch, with 1 Anthony; Don Philip *meets them.*

1 *Wat.* Come, this way with him. This way leads to *Don Sebaſtian*'s

Con. Hold, Friends, don't be ſo very haſty, d'ye ſee. Pray, let us conſider a little, dy'e mind me, what we ſhall ſay to the Magiſtrate.

2 *Wat.* Why, that's very true, Neighbour. We ought to lay our ſtory well, d'ye ſee me?

Phil. My Man *Anthony*, as I live! How the Devil came he among that fry of Leaches? But 'tis what he deſerves: Yet I'll ask them, to amuſe my ſelf, till *Don Sebaſtian*'s return.

Con. Enough, enough; come away with him.

Phil. Hold, Gentlemen. Pray, whither are you conducting that Fellow?

Con. But that you promiſe for a Perſon of Note, we ſhould not have time to anſwer any Man's queſtions: We are carrying him to *Don Sebaſtian*'s to be committed for a Houſe-breaker.

1 *Ant.* O Sir, I'm glad I have found you again. I have been baited, Sir, no Tyger was ever ſo baited, as I have been by theſe Spaniſh Dogs.

Enter Don Sebaſtian.

Phil. You are come in good time, Seignior, to do a peice of juſtice

Seb. What's the matter, Mr. Conſtable?

Con. Matter, Seignior? An pleaſe your Worſhip, we have brought a Stranger here, that we found hid to Night in a Cellar Window, juſt ready to ſet the City a Fire about our Ears, I warrant him.

Seb. Is not this your Man, *Don Philip?*

Phil. If I have Eyes 'tis he, pray examine him.

Seb. How now, *Anthony?* How come you under the guard of the Conſtable and the Watch?

1 *Ant.* Your Worſhip knows as well as I. One thing I know, which is, that I have been abus'd moſt diſgracefully.

Phil. 'Tis no more than you deſerve, ungrateful Villain! Did you not forſake me laſt Night when I was aſſaulted in the Street, and did I not meet you afterwards following another Maſter? And more than that, when I claim'd you for my Servant, did you not utterly diſown that you knew me, or had ever ſeen me before.

1 *Ant.* Sure, this is but a Dream, Sir: For this Life-guard of mine here, (Pox choak them) can anſwer to my diſgrace, that I have ſat in the Stocks all Night.

Con. That he has indeed, I'll witneſs it, for he was put in by my order.

Phil. Hey-day! Sure I Dream ſtill, or I'll be ſworn I met him Early to Day.

1 *Wat.* He was ſafe lockt down from one a Clock till within this half hour, I'll paſs my Word.

Seb. Nay now I can diſprove you; for if I have Eyes, I ſaw him paſs by me very early to Day.

Con. An'pleaſe your Worſhip, what the Watchman ſaid muſt needs be true, for he ſtood near him all the time till he was releas'd

Seb. Then will I be Sacrific'd: Go, you are all a pack of Raſcals, Releaſe him, I'll anſwer for him. [*Exeunt Con. and Wat. haſtily.*

Enter Don Bernardo *and* Don Frederick *with* Cornelia *and* Olivia *in Mens Cloaths.*

Ber. There's *Don Sebaſtian*, and he with him ſhould be *Don Philip*.

Fred. Bernardo, 'twere fit they withdraw a while, till we have prepar'd him for the Interview.

Ber. By all means. Ladies, will you oblige us by retiring a ſtep or two, till we have had ſome conference with thoſe Gentlemen?

Corn. Another Woman diſguis'd?

Both. We will. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

[Bern. *and* Fred. *walk by them and view them.*

Phil, Sir, by that Sword you wear, I ſhould be much your Debtor, ſure you releiv'd me laſt Night, when I was aſſaulted by Villains.

Ber. I did indeed attempt a Gentleman's relief laſt Night, who exchang'd Swords with me, and 'tis very likely you are he.

Phil. The ſame. And believe, Sir, that as I am bound to you for my preſervation, ſo ſhall I be always ready to ſerve you with my Life.

Ber. Serve your ſelf firſt, *Don Philip*, and be honeſt.

Phil. Ha! what means this odd, familiar Counſel?

Ber. Have you not abus'd *Cornelia*, my Siſter? Now if thou art a Man, ſpeak truth.

Fred. Olivia's wrong'd too, *Philip*, think of that, and know her Brother's here to do her juſtice.

Phil. You have ſomewhat ſurpriz'd me, Gentlemen, with your accuſations.

Fred. Do you deny the facts?

Phil. What if I do?

Fred. Then we muſt try the cauſe this way, Draw,

Phil. You

Phil. You may be ſure of that. [*all Draw.*

Seb. Hold, Gentlemen, *Don Philip* is my Friend, and I muſt take his part.

Ber. With all my Heart. We are two and two.

Fred. Come on thou Poiſon to our Families

Seb. Nay then at you, Sir.

[*They tilt* Phil. *diſarms* Fred. *and* Bern. *Sebaſtian.*

Phil. Now, Sir, I hope You're ſatisfied. [*Giving* Fred. *his Sword.*

Ber. But not I, Sir, I have the ſame advantage o'er your Friend, and you have vvrong'd my Siſter.

Phil. Take Your ſatisfaction too, whilſt my Sword holds, it ſhall deny none that ask it. [*They tilt.* Bern. *is diſarm'd.*

Ber. Your fortune is Superior, whatever your Juſtice be.

Phil. You owe me both your Lives. And now what I have to beg of you is, that you would ſtifle your Reſentments: And if you'l favour me with your company's to *Don Sebaſtian's*, I here give you my Honour to do you Juſtice too, as far as in me lies before we part.

Fred. Nay now you'r truly brave. [*as they are going*

Enter 2 Anthony.

Phil. Ha! What art thou, that in the very ſhape of *Anthony*, com'ſt hither to perplex us!

2 *Ant.* Staring] Why I think my Name is *Anthony*, by the ſingular favour of chance both Frenchman and Spaniard, that is to ſay, a mixture of all the Contrarieties in Nature.

[*The company ſtaring firſt at one, then at the other.*

Seb. His very Voice, Perſon, and Raillery.

Fred. The Seal and the Print are not more perfectly alike.

2 *Ant. Staring at the other*] 'Tis ſomething marvellous, I muſt own: if this ſhould prove my own Apparition now, which they ſay People often ſee a little before their Death, how many Sins haſt thou to anſwer for, *pauvre Antoine!* What art thou that here uſurp'ſt my Name and Shape?

1 *Ant. Trembling*] O Gentlemen. ſhield me, ſhield me from this Fiend,—'tis certainly—the Devil, he could n'er be ſo like me elſe.

Ber. This is ſurprizing. From hence came the miſtakes of laſt Night, *Don Frederick.*

Phil. And ours, *Don Sebaſtian.*

2 *Ant.* If 'twere not for one curſed Objection, that is not to be got over without a Miracle, I could ſoon reſolve this Riddle.

Fred. Try what you can do.

2 *Ant.* 'Tis impoſſible Seignior, for the Man I ſhould take him for was drown'd many Years ago.

Fred. Examine him however.

2. *Ant.* Pray, Monſieur *Antoine*, are you a native of *Caen* in *Normandy*?

1 *Ant.* Yes,——indeed, Seignior Devil.

2 *Ant.* The Devil you are. Was not Monſieur your Father call'd *Pierre le Menetrier*, that is to be underſtood, *Peter* the Fidler?

1 *Ant.* He was indeed Sir.

2 *Ant.* Ha! Sure I Dream. [*In a ſurprize*] What will this come to? Did not you follow his Trade after his Death?

1 *Ant.* I commenc'd *Joüeur de Violon* that Year the great Turn in *England* happen'd in 88.

2 *Ant.* Impoſſible! Thou art ſome Magician, and art reſolv'd to deceive me into madneſs.——One thing more. Were not you preſs'd abord Monſieur *Tourville* with a Twin-Brother, that was ſo perfectly your likeneſs, that you were the Amazement of all that ſaw you?

1 *Ant.* I was, and ſhould have taken you for him but that he was blown up in one of thoſe Twenty Ships that were Burnt by the Engliſh, after the Sea-Fight between the French and the Engliſh Fleets.

2 *Ant.* Then art thou my Brother, *Anthony*? How I was preſerv'd and where, after my misfortune you ſhall know another time.

1. *Ant.* My Brother reſtor'd from the Dead! This is ſuch exceſs of joy to me. Come to my Arms, I will embrace thee, as I would a Woman.

Ber. So let them embrace. Now the Myſtery is over, and you have your Mares again.

Seb. Tho' they are Brothers, ſo exact a likeneſs was ſurely never ſeen.

Fred. 'Tis very ſtrange. But come, let us walk. *Don Bernardo*, we forget our Friends hard by.

Ber. With *Don Philip*'s and this Gentleman's leave we'll call for them, and take them with us.

Phil. } With all our Hearts.
Seb. }

Seb. Your Friends too are welcome, Gentlemen, to ſuch poor entertainment as my Houſe can afford.

Fred. You are very obliging. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *Shifts.*

Olivia and *Cornelia*,

Ol. I ſcorn to deny my ſelf upon ſuch an occaſion. I own I am a Woman, and Married to *Don Philip* before Heav'n, tho' he has left me: Yet will I purſue him, till I have either found the faithleſs wanderer, or ſpent my Days in the vain Search.

Corn. You will, you ſay. Alas! I pity thee, for Thy ſearch will be vain indeed. Know, fond Woman, that he's mine by legal contract, not to be revok'd but by mutal conſent: So much he's mine, that I'll not ſpare him a look to throw away upon thee.

Ol. Impotent Avarice! I pitty thee, undone as thou art, as well as deſerted; for he is mine by yet a ſtronger tye than any contract

Corn. It's falſe: He never was, nor ſhall be. If thou doſt offer any farther claim, thy Life's in danger.

Ol. I Laugh at thy rage, unthinking Creature, and to let you ſee how much I value *Philip*, I here renounce the weakneſs of my Sex, and dare you to the combat for his Love.

Corn. Now by great *Hymen*'s Torch, 'twas nobly offer'd, and tho' a Rival ſpoke it, I applaud it. [*Both draw*

Come on. Now for *Don Philip*.

Oli. She who ſurvives is happy. [*Fight awkerdly.*

Don. Philip, *Frederick*, *Sebaſtian*, and *Bernardo* come in, followed by the *Anthony*'s

Fred. Ha! at Wars? What new adventure's this? We left you but now unacequainted with each other, as we thought. [*parts them.*

Ol. And are return'd too ſoon. You have hindered the effect of a noble contention. *Don Philip* there! Then am I ſatisfy'd, for ſure he'l do me juſtice. [*Runs to him.*

Corn. Ha! Do I ſee my Love again? But hold, fond Heart, keep up thy uſual Pride, leaſt the falſe wretch inſult and ſcorn thy weakneſs.

Phil. Sir, I am yet a ſtranger to you: How can I do you juſtice?

Ol. 'Tis but acknowledging *Olivia* for your Wife.

Phil. [*In amazement*] *Olivia* her ſelf. This is beyond my hopes. I will acknowledge thee, thou Miracle of Love.

Corn. Villain, hold. See *Cornelia* too, diſguis'd as ſhe is. See your contracted Wife.

Phil. Ha!

Corn. What, doth he demur upon it? [*Draws.*

Die

Die then, ungrateful wretch.

Ol. [*Draws*] Stop thy mad Hand, or ſheath thy Blade within this Breaſt, ſo it may ſave *Don Philip*. [*Corn. is held*

Phil. [*to Ol.*] My dear *Olivia*, I Bluſh to ſee this kindneſs from thee. [*to Corn.*] Madam, you might have been leſs outragious. I muſt own I have been to blame, but am now reſolv'd——

Corn. To marry *Olivia*, I ſuppoſe.

Phil. I was a going to ſay Madam——

Corn. That thou art perjur'd. Enough, thou haſt my conſent to be ſo. Be thy Perjury thy Puniſhment: For my part I freely diſcharge thee.

Phil. I am oblig'd to your Paſſion then, for it has made you conſent to clear me of ſuch an imputation. You have revok'd your contract, and ſo do I before theſe witneſſes. *Donna Olivia*, here is my Hand, take it, and my Heart along with it, I doubt not but this Action will reſtore me to my true happineſs. Gentlemen, I hope you own my juſtice.

Ber. I cannot deny your obligation here to be ſuperiour.

Oli. This fortunate Event tranſports me beyond expreſſion.

Fred. May I preſume, Madam, to remind you of your late conditions?

Corn. Are you not a Man, Sir?

Fred. I hope ſo, Madam.

Corn. How then are you to be truſted? The only one I ever yet confided in has deceiv'd me. But [*ſighing*] you have my promiſe, e'en diſpoſe of me as you will

Fred. Madam, you have made me intirely happy. You have not only bleſs'd me with your ſelf, but made a worthy Friend my Brother.

Ber. But hold, one thing more. *Cornelia*, do you know this Ring?

Corn. Yes, ſure. 'Twas your gift, which I could have parted with to no one, but *Don Philip*.

Phil. I know it too and Bluſh. But how came you by it?

Ber Think where you diſpos'd of it, then ask no more.

Phil. I was mad when I parted with it, but I find where you have been.

Ber. I fell in by accident, as you ſhall know another time. In the mean while we are all ſatisfied. Joy to you all. I could almoſt wiſh my ſelf in the ſame condition, but not with *Eleonora*, *Don Frederick*.

Fred. You once wiſh'd it with her, *Don Bernardo*.

Seb. *Eleonora*, and *Bernardo!* This muſt be he who writ that Letter.

Sir, I believe we are both deliver'd from the ſame perfidious Woman. Did not you write lately to one *Eleonora?*

Bern.

Ber. I dare confeſs it. She us'd me ill, and I let her know it. Poſſibly your underſtanding with her brought you to know it.

Seb. That ſhe has been of my acquaintance, I don't diſown: But 'twas pure accident made me ſee the Letter. It ſerv'd to confirm me in what I before ſuſpected, and I have ſince broke of all correſpondence with her.

Ber. I am glad on't, for ſhe is a very Jilt. But what had *Don Philip* done to her, that ſhe ſhould hire Ruffians to Murder him?

Phil. Was it ſhe then that ſet thoſe Villains on to Murder me, when I was ſo ſeaſonably releiv'd by you?

Ber. So I afterwards diſcover'd by one of the ſame Ruffians, whom I had wounded and ſeized, after they had attack'd me by miſtake of the Sword you gave me at parting, and it ſeems *Eleonora* had hired them for a hundred Crowns to Murder you.

Phil. What a She-Devil is this! I knew her formerly at *Madrid*, a Woman of a light Character, who would fain have perſwaded me to marry her. When ſhe could not prevail, ſhe remov'd from thence hither as I had been inform'd. Wherefore when I came to this Town, I recollected what I had heard, and enquiring her out, I laſt Night made a viſit to her, and it ſeems by the ſtory, when I went from her, ſhe ſent Villains after me to diſpatch me.

Seb. What, did ſhe entertain You too?

Phil. O, ſhe was my old acquaintance, and I ſuppoſe would have been reveng'd on me for the ſlight I had put upon her.

Seb. What a rare Wife I ſhould have had! Fortune thou deſerv'ſt all things from me.

Fred. Well ſhe is going to be reveng'd upon you all. For I was told but now, that ſhe is reſolv'd to leave the ſeducing World, and end her Days in a Nunnery.

Ber. That would be ſtrange.

Phil. But the beſt Action of her Life.

Seb. Ay, ay, to a Nunnery let her go. In the mean time let Us think a little of this World, and ſince you are all agreed, let the Ladies retire, and ſhift themſelves into their own habits, and wee'l ſee you joyn'd together, before Noon is paſt.

Fred. With all my Soul. Come, my *Cornelia*, haſt to make me happy.

Corn. Be it as you pleaſe.

Phil. Tho' Marriage is accounted by ſome a kind of ſervitude, yet I hope, my *Olivia*, we ſhall have no repenting before the Year is out at leaſt.

Ol. I ſhall

Or, I shall make it my endeavour to give no cause on my side.

Phil. Come on then, let us listen to the Trial: One pleasure at least I am before hand sure of, and that is in the thought of making satisfaction for the wrong I have done.

For whatsoever delight Bad Men can find
In doing wrong, 'tis the unbleemish'd mind,
That makes our Lives most sweet, our Pleasures most refin'd.

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